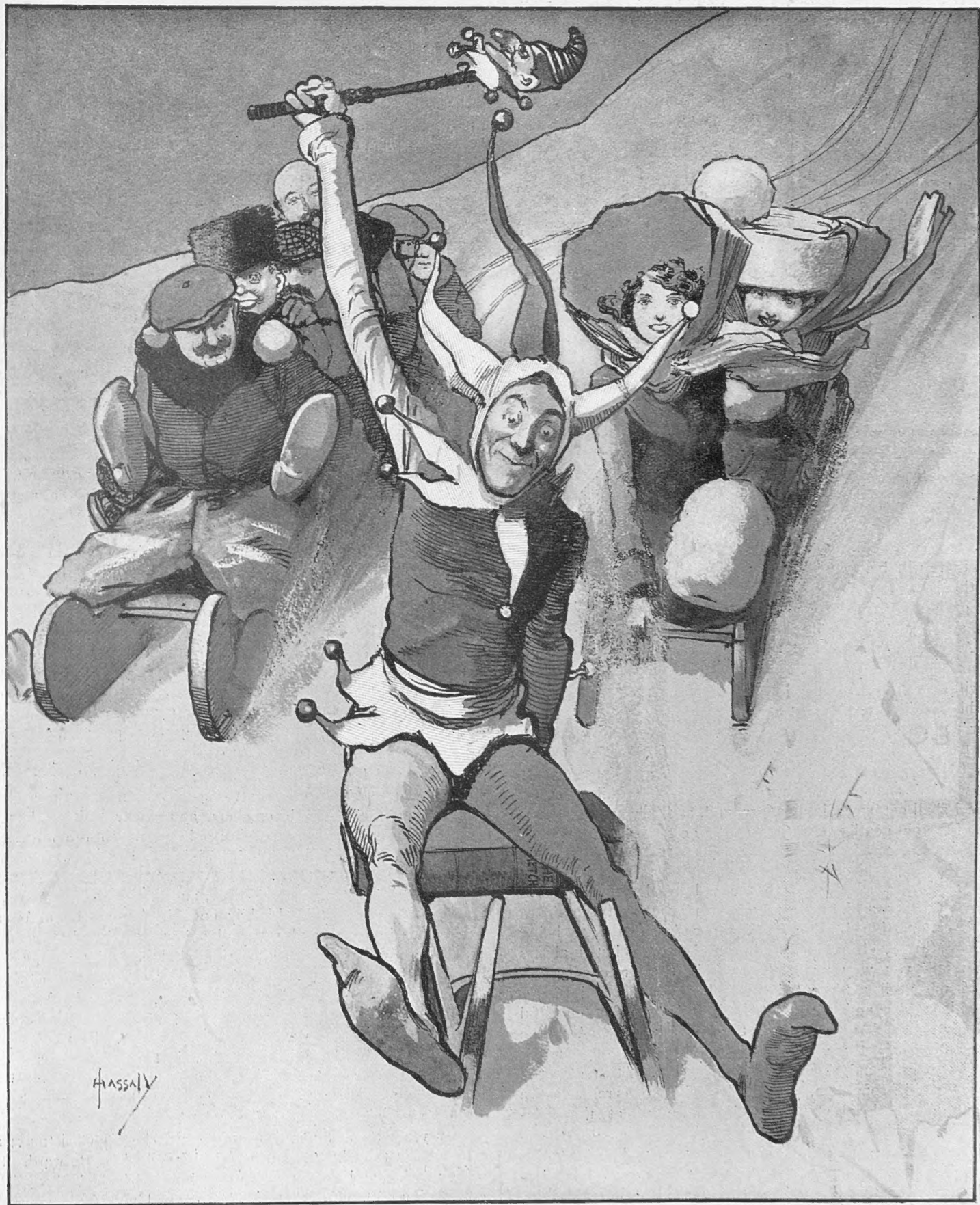




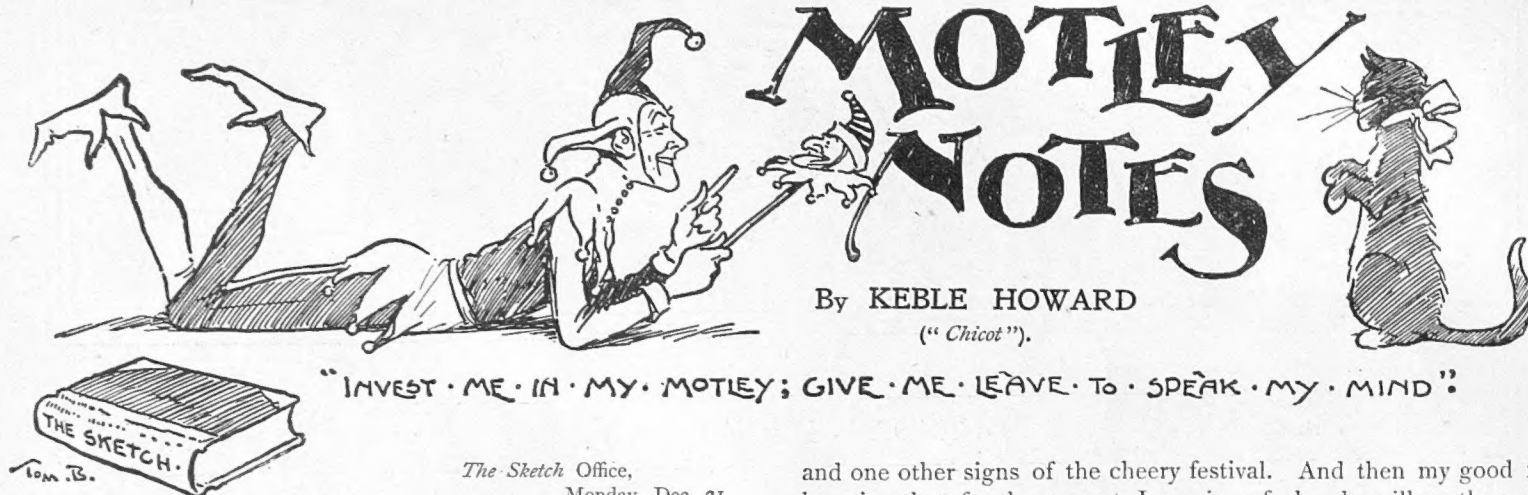
No. 569.—Vol. XLIV.

WEDNESDAY, DECEMBER 23, 1903.

SIXPENCE.



Wishing you all a "Sketchy" Christmas (Ed.)



The Sketch Office,
Monday, Dec. 21.

WHEN this issue of *The Sketch* has been in your hands but a few hours, jovial reader, I hope to be on my way to Paddington, *en route* for the Forest of Arden. A few years ago, before my nerves had been shattered by this jangling London life, I should have made my way to the station in the kind of vehicle known to the lady novelist as a "swift hansom." Nowadays, however, when roads are greasy and traffic involved, I prefer the "lumbering growler." It is such a relief, I find, not to see the horse, and to remain in delicious ignorance of possible dangers. The drivers of hansom, as a rule, are reckless people, caring little for their own necks and still less for the necks of their passengers. The man in charge of a four-wheeler, on the other hand, is a steady, gentle old fellow, who sees the wisdom of crawling along behind a railway-van instead of risking a collision by trying to cut past. I am something of an authority on four-wheelers, and I am happy to state that they have improved wonderfully during the last year or two. The dusty, battered cabs that we used to know have quite passed away, giving place to smart, clean, comfortable little broughams. Eventually, no doubt, we shall get the motor-cab in general use; until that blissful day dawns, the four-wheeler is my vehicle.

All in good time, therefore, I shall arrive at Paddington, and twenty porters will spring forward to assist me with my bag. Selecting the oldest of the bunch, I shall instruct him to secure me a place in the Leamington "slip," and then proceed to purchase a ticket that shall pass me to the heart of the Forest. During the twenty minutes or so—yes, I am still very old-fashioned—before the train starts, I shall amuse myself by watching the crowd on the platform. What a chattering there will be, to be sure! And what a fuss about finding places, getting luggage labelled, buying Christmas Numbers, exchanging messages, exacting promises to write at least twice a-week, making way there, shaking hands, kissing, and all the rest of the delightful hubbub. As I stand by the door of my carriage, beaming at the whole lot of them, the Inspector will come and ask to see my ticket. Perfectly willing to oblige, I shall unbutton my overcoat, take off my glove, fumble in this pocket and that, find the ticket, and, having lost my temper a little by this time, flourish it in the fellow's face. He will clip it, pass on with a cold nod, and I shall put the bit of cardboard away, only to repeat the performance for the benefit of the Guard. Just before we start, another Inspector will put forward a similar request. Whereupon I shall get exceedingly angry, and, as likely as not, stamp on the toe of the old gentleman in the opposite corner.

I shall apologise, of course, to the old gentleman, who will probably respond by asking me to read an article on the South African labour question in the *Evening Standard*. I hate being asked to read things, either in a train or elsewhere, but I always say, "Oh, thank you very much!" and hold the wretched paper in front of me until a decent interval has elapsed and I can return it with a bow and a smile. I shall pursue that deceitful course of conduct with my friend of the *Evening Standard*, at the same time cutting short any attempt at conversation on his part by sinking into a profound, though sudden, slumber. At Leamington I shall buy myself some tea, and, with elaborate care, select a compartment in the local stopping-train drawn up at the side-platform. Three stations beyond Leamington I shall change again, finally arriving at my rural destination with icy feet and a headache. Kind faces, however, will meet me on the platform, and familiar voices will assure me that I am barely an hour late, if that. Five minutes more will find me seated before a glowing Yule-log, surrounded on all sides by calendars, Christmas cards, and a hundred

and one other signs of the cheery festival. And then my good fairy, knowing that, for the present, I am in safe hands, will rustle away in search of rest and refreshment.

The next day, of course, will be Christmas Eve, and I shall be called upon to assist in decorating the church. Dear reader, have you ever tried to tie bunches of prickly holly to a gasalier? Have you ever striven to fasten a text, twelve feet long, to a wall of crumbling plaster? Do you know what it means to balance yourself on the top rung of an almost perpendicular ladder, and endeavour to pass the loop of a floppy banner over a loose nail that bends inwards? Never mind. Christmas is Christmas, and I shall certainly assist in decorating the church. If the ladder, at the critical moment, slides sideways, I shall pick myself up with as much dignity as possible, dust myself down, and take a soothing stroll round the village. Before the butchers'-shops I shall find great benches laden with Christmas beef; the staff of clerks at the Post Office will have been increased from one girl to four girls and a boy, the fancy-goods store will be crowded with improvident young women buying cards. Anon, returning to the house, I shall find an air of mystery prevalent. There will be an extraordinary demand for brown paper, string, sealing-wax, and the like. There will be sudden rushes to unbolted doors, and squeaks of feminine merriment. A bunch of mistletoe will be hanging from the ceiling in the hall, and sprigs of holly will adorn the pictures.

On Christmas Day, before I am out of bed, the postman will bring the first batch of cards, letters, parcels, and all the rest of the seasonable nonsense. The girls, doubtless, will each receive some fifty or sixty packages; I, for my part, shall think myself lucky if I get four. Then to church, where I shall see many familiar faces and hear several familiar hymns. After lunch, a brisk walk along the great high-road—two miles-out, right-about-turn, two miles back. Then tea, a pipe, and church again. We shall have Christmas carols at this service, and the organist will have an opportunity of showing us what he can do in the face of insuperable difficulties. Service over, the young ringers will strip off their coats and send a lusty peal echoing through the street of the village and bringing a breath of Christmas to lone cottagers on dreary, wind-swept hills. There is a fascination in watching the ringers, and, for a few minutes, I shall give way to it. Presently, though, something will tell me that my presence is required elsewhere, and I shall slip away from the belfry to take my seat at the dinner-table. Not an ordinary dinner-table, mind you, but a Christmas dinner-table, loaded with crackers, and sticky fruit in boxes, and goodness only knows what rubbish besides. In the fulness of my heart, I suppose, I shall eat plum-pudding.

There will be toasts after dinner, and some of us may begin to get a little bit sentimental. Luckily enough, there will still be a final excitement in store, and we shall adjourn to the drawing-room to open the presents. These we shall find heaped up on a table in the centre of the room, and covered over with a large cloth. The head of the house, armed with an enormous pair of scissors, will stand by the table and distribute the parcels. Experience leads me to believe that we shall each get exactly the things we desired most in the world, whether it be a bangle, a cigarette-case, or a surreptitiously-taken photograph. . . . So, at last, the great day will wear to a close, and the last hour will find us gathered round the fire, remembering and remembering stories of twenty years ago. Such, dear reader, will be my Christmas; at any rate, that is the Christmas to which I am looking forward. Should some mischance, however, occur to rob me of it, I shall still have the consolation of knowing that, thanks to your kindly forbearance, I have already spent a happy Christmas in anticipation. With all my heart, therefore, I wish you the same.

"THE CHERRY GIRL," AT THE VAUDEVILLE.



THE PRINCIPALS SKETCHED AT THE DRESS-REHEARSAL BY RALPH CLEAVER.

THE CLUBMAN.

Christmas Abroad—Our Little Army in Thibet—A Forgotten War.

WHEN Christmas comes, all our kith and kin in the far places of the world turn in thought to us at home, and in India and the Colonies all our dear exiles think of us at home as spending a real Dickensy Christmas amidst the surroundings depicted on old-fashioned Christmas cards: snow which sparkles, full moon, cottages with a blaze of red light seen in all the windows, and the extinguisher tower of a village church in the middle distance. And the least we can do in return is to think of them when we are sampling the real Christmas weather, fog or rain or sleet, whichever it may be, and to try and picture their surroundings.

Our soldiers and our sailors are the men who spend their Christmas Day amidst the strangest environments, and the men who are hunting the Mad Mullah, and that little army which has taken the first step over the border to Lhasa, the sacred Buddhist city, will spend their Christmas Day in climates and amidst scenery as unlike England as can well be imagined. The men out in the desert will be under a sun pouring tropical rays down upon them, with the eternal grey-thorn as the only vegetation in sight, and, perhaps, the mirage dancing pictures of lakes and the palm-trees of an oasis before their aching eyes.

But stranger still is the scenery round the band which Colonel Younghusband has led over the Jelap down into a Thibetan valley. On these passes, which are higher than the High Alps, the snow is like dust, and when the wind blows through a gap it sends whirling into the air a white cloud. Great rocks jut out from the snow-drifts, and where the mountain-streams cross the paths below the summit bridges of ice form. The air is so thin that men's heads grow dizzy, and they find it very trying to climb the ascent even when carrying no burden. Only men in perfect physical condition can endure the trials of these ascents, and to sit down exhausted means sleep and death from frost-bite.

The little army in Thibet is not likely to spend a peaceful Christmas Day or Christmas night, for there is no enemy which believes in sudden attacks more than the mountain-men, who have few long-distance weapons, and who know that their one chance is to get to close quarters with their opponents, and Christmas Day is the



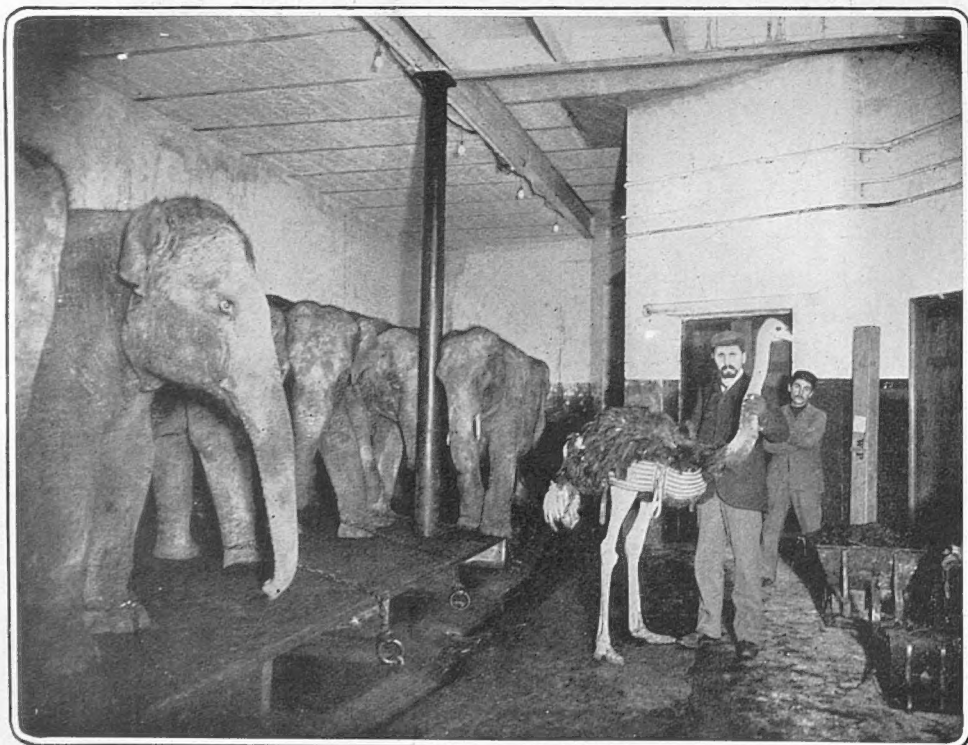
MRS. BROWN-POTTER RECITING HER FISCAL POEM, "THE PLEDGE OF A BRITISHER," SUPPORTED BY A CROWD OF ENTHUSIASTIC "FAIR TRADERS."

festival on which all through India the natives believe that the British soldier is obliged by his religion to drink beer and whisky to excess. The plainsmen have by now learned that this is not the case, but the warriors of Thibet will be very disappointed if they should attack our camp during this week and should find the white men there alert and ready to receive them. The soldiery of Bhutan, the neighbour of Thibet, once gained a small advantage over our men on Christmas Day, and, no doubt, this is still remembered all along that border.

As the men of Bhutan fought against us, so most probably will the men of Thibet, if they do show fight, which I think they will. The Bhutan War has been absolutely forgotten now, but it was one of our most difficult little expeditions in the early part of the last century, and the country is so inaccessible that, out of weariness, the rulers of India made peace at last with the spiritual and temporal rulers of the barren mountains, and Bhutan is bribed to remain peaceful, a yearly stipend being paid to its authorities so long as they acknowledge British suzerainty and keep their border quiet.

The one substantial success which the fighting-men of Bhutan obtained was in a night-attack on a British camp. The enemy, men of tremendous stature and armed with bows and spears, managed to rush the camp, cut down the tents on the men sleeping in them, and then stabbed at the struggling figures under the canvas. It may be that there will be no fighting at the border, but that the Lamas will treat our soldiers as they treat our explorers, and allow them to approach near to Lhasa and to get into difficulties of provision and transport before they try to turn them back. One explorer, who, I fancy, really approached nearer to Lhasa than any of the others, but who did not write a book, told me of his advance towards the sacred city and of his reception.

When he was rather more than a hundred miles away and his animals were dying of fatigue and all his provisions were running short, he found on either side of his track, just beyond rifle-shot, a few armed horsemen, and, as he struggled on, these armed bands grew and became armies. It was like a gathering of vultures watching a wounded buck, and when the emissaries came out from Lhasa and ordered him back, refusing to give him transport or provision unless he obeyed, he had to make the best bargain he could.



THE ELEPHANTS WHO PROPOSE TO SHOOT THE "CHUTE" IN "THE GOLDEN PRINCESS AND THE ELEPHANT-HUNTERS," AT THE LONDON HIPPODROME.

Photograph by the Clarke and Hyde Press Agency.

"SARDOU AND SARAH BOTH HAVE SCORED A NEW TRIUMPH."

—DAILY TELEGRAPH.



MADAME SARAH BERNHARDT AS ZORAYA IN SARDOU'S NEW PLAY, "LA SORCIÈRE."

(See Page 341.)

DRAWN FROM LIFE FOR "THE SKETCH" BY GEORGES REDON.

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Sheffield	9P32	11 47	12P35	1P58
Leeds	11 23	12 38	1F50	4 5
Carlisle	1 30	2 50	4 15	6 25
Dumfries	3 50	5D14	7 9
Stranraer Harbour (for Belfast and North of Ireland)	5 47
Kilmarnock	5U26	6D20	8 24
Glasgow (St. Enoch)	6U10	7 D 5	0 0
Edinburgh (Waverley)	3 50	...	6 45	12GB5
Dundee	5 28	...	9DA8	3GB37
Perth	5 15	...	8A55	3GB35
ABERDEEN	7 20	...	11DA10	6GB0

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	p.m.	p.m.	p.m.	p.m.	p.m.
ABERDEEN dep.	5V30	7 45	...	3V30	...
Perth	7 55	4V10	...
Dundee	7V30	9 35	...	5V30	...
Edinburgh (Waverley)	10 0	11 30	...	9 30	...
Glasgow (St. Enoch)	9 30	11 0	9 15
Kilmarnock	10 10	11 35	9 55
Stranraer Harbour (from Belfast and North of Ireland)	9 8
Dumfries	11 31	12 C50	11 18	12W25	...
Carlisle	12 25	12 45	1 C50	12W7	...
Leeds	2 52	3 10	4 10	2 35	2 52
Sheffield	4 18	4 8	5 S10	3 T57	3 57
Nottingham	5 T17	5 17	6 Q 0	5 T 1	5 1
Leicester	5 4	6DR57	6DQ57	4 50	6R57
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Derby, December 1903. JOHN MATHIESON, General Manager.

THE

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SMALL TALK *of the* WEEK

KING EDWARD and Queen Alexandra are spending Christmas at Sandringham, as was always their custom when they were still Prince and Princess of Wales. But whereas during the late reign much of the notable Christmas cheer consumed at Sandringham was sent from Windsor on behalf of Queen Victoria, the King and Queen themselves now send off hampers of such typically Royal dainties as year-old cygnets, woodcock-pie,

and boar's-head to their many relations who are themselves celebrating the great holiday in their own homes. Their Majesties believe in keeping Christmas in the grand old style, and their beautiful country home is lavishly decorated with evergreens, as is the Church of St. Mary Magdalene, where the Sovereign, his children, and grandchildren attend Divine Service on Christmas morning. Now that there are once more a group of merry Royal children gathered round about the King and Queen, Christmas Day has become at Sandringham a true children's festival.

Merry-making at Sandringham. Most people are agreed that Christmas Day is essentially the children's day all the world over, and this is particularly the case at Court. As a rule, their Majesties limit their house-party strictly to their family and to their Households, and the Royal merry-makings, if such they can be called, begin on Christmas Eve with the distribution of good cheer to the labourers, workmen, and cottagers on the estate, special dainties being reserved for those old people who are past work. Then in the late afternoon the Royal children have the joy of gathering about the splendid Christmas Tree, and the older members of the family exchange their gifts. Christmas Day itself opens with Divine Service, the Christmas carols being chosen by the Queen herself, whose favourite has always been "Hark the Herald Angels Sing." Lunch is a comparatively simple meal, but their Majesties' dinner-party is a very splendid function and attended by all those Royal children who are old enough to sit up and enjoy the unaccustomed pleasure of "late dinner."

A Royal Aviary. We are able to publish an interesting photograph elsewhere of the Prince of Wales's aviary at Sandringham. His Royal Highness has inherited his mother's great love of birds, and he has always had, from boyhood upwards, a remarkable knowledge of their ways and habits. Sandringham Park is, in a sense, an animal sanctuary; no bird-nesting is allowed, and only those feathered creatures that provide sport have anything to fear in the Royal demesne. The Prince of Wales's aviary is constructed on the very latest principles, particular care being given to ensure that its feathered inmates should have plenty of light, air, and space, three essentials to happy bird-life too often overlooked by those who pride themselves on their love of these sweetest songsters.

A Blank in the Lords. The House of Lords will miss Lord Stanley of Alderley. He broke the solemn monotony of the Gilded Chamber by his eccentric speeches on all sorts of subjects. Standing at the Table, with a benevolent air, he rattled off his speeches in what has been described as a gabbling manner. Very slight reports appeared in the papers, but under Lord Stanley's ineffective manner lay a kindly shrewdness and an originality of mind

which characterised his family. He sat usually on one of the cross-couches between the Wool-sack and the Table, and was regular in attendance, although deafness prevented him from hearing much that was said.

A Reminiscence of Shelley.

Lord Abinger leaves no children, and the title passes to Captain Shelley Leopold Laurence Scarlett, a great-grandson of the first Peer. Captain Scarlett owes his name of Shelley to his mother, a daughter of Mr. Edward Gibson and niece and adopted daughter of Sir Percy and Lady Shelley. The new Peer, who is thirty-one, is Hon. Attaché to the British Legation at Stockholm. He married five years ago the only daughter of that famous Ambassador, Sir William White, who managed to write his name in pretty big letters in the chronicles of the Eastern Question. Her first husband was Kammerherr Carl E. de Geijer, of the Swedish Diplomatic Service. Originally connected by ancient family ties with Jamaica, the Peerage having been created for the eminent legal services of Sir James Scarlett, Lord Chief Baron of the Exchequer, the late Lord Abinger was Laird of Inverlochy Castle, Kingussie, and of over forty thousand acres besides. Inverlochy was supposed to have been built by Edward I., and under its walls in 1645 Montrose surprised and defeated Argyle and his Covenanters, as readers of Scott's "Legend of Montrose" will remember. The ancient stronghold, standing "four square to all the winds that blew," was rebuilt by the third Lord Abinger.



MISS FYFE ALEXANDER, PLAYING LADY MILLICENT IN "LITTLE MARY," AT WYNDHAM'S.
Photograph by Johnston and Hoffmann.

Christmas and the Holy Land.

Nowhere is Christmas Day celebrated with more pomp and splendour than in the Holy Land. During the preceding months, pilgrimages are arranged to take place from every Christian land, the great object of each pilgrim being to spend the 25th of December at Bethlehem or Nazareth. At Bethlehem, the most interesting ceremonies take the form of quaint, picturesque processions, which wend their way through the narrow streets amid a vast concourse of people gathered literally from every corner of the earth. At Nazareth, the centre of interest is the altar erected on the spot where once stood, according to tradition, the carpenter's-shop where Joseph worked at his trade, and there on Christmas Day the pilgrims gather by the thousand, reconstituting the story of the Gospels and joining devoutly in the services.

The Westminster Epilogue.

One of the most interesting events of the weeks preceding Christmas is the Westminster Latin Play, which this year was honoured by the presence of the Princess Louise, Duchess of Argyll. The most amusing part of the performance is the Epilogue, in which topics of the day are dealt with in Latin verse. The production is a remarkably clever one, and the puns and topical allusions always rouse hearty laughter even among those who have forgotten most of their Latin. This year the Acropolis at Athens was ornamented with three well-known posters from the hoardings, bearing the titles "Risus Tenax," "Jim Tristis," and "Jim Lætus," and Mr. Barrie was not forgotten in an amusing reference to "Parva Maria." But the chief topics were

Lady Yarmouth, who is one of the few fair Americans who will in all probability live to see themselves British Marchionesses, has as yet been very little seen in London Society. Once Miss Alice Thaw, of Chicago, she does not belong to that cosmopolitan Anglo-American set who are even more at home in Europe than they are in the land of the "Stars and Stripes." She insisted on her marriage to Lord Hertford's eldest son and heir being celebrated among her own people, and, though still a bride, she has already been home once. It is, however, probable that Lord and Lady Yarmouth will follow the example of the Duke and Duchess of Marlborough and build themselves a lordly mansion in London. Lady

Yarmouth has been credited with considerable social ambitions, and, should she become a

leading hostess, she will but carry on the noble traditions of her husband's family. She has found a very kind friend and chaperon in her mother-in-law, the present Marchioness of Hertford, who was delighted with her son's choice.

A Member with a Cause.

Mr. Cremer has been conspicuous hitherto for the badge of the Legion of Honour which he wears in his grey coat. Now that he has won the Nobel Peace Prize, amounting in English money to £7,830, his advocacy of international arbitration, which has been regarded as an estimable fad, may obtain more authority. Mr. Cremer began life as a carpenter; he founded the Amalgamated Society of Carpenters and Joiners and has taken part in the organisation of many popular demonstrations. He is an old Radical and has a belief in the efficacy of abstract motions; but, although he has been many years in Parliament, he has never acquired Parliamentary dexterity.

Gradually other figures in the Tariff war are forming slightly in the background, while the front is occupied by the Duke of Devonshire and Mr. Chamberlain. Almost everybody alludes to his Grace as "The Duke," and even

Mr. Chaplin, who has no love of brevity, referred repeatedly at a public meeting at Dulwich to the Protectionist leader by the short, familiar name of "Joe."

The Duke's latest letter has placed him in the most conspicuous position as the antagonist of his former colleague, and every week, while Mr. Balfour wanes in power, "Joe" waxes. There will be a battle of giants in the New Year between the two statesmen who quarrelled so much between 1880 and 1885 but who united to resist Home Rule. Dogged and sure is the Duke; impetuous and resourceful is Mr. Chamberlain.



THE COUNTESS OF YARMOUTH.
Photograph by Langfrier, Old Bond Street, W.



MRS. HOWARD ST. GEORGE, DAUGHTER OF MR. BAKER, THE AMERICAN MILLIONAIRE BANKER.

Photograph by Langfrier, Old Bond Street, W.

the Fiscal Question and Passive Resisters, and the spectacle of Plautus' Sycophant, made up in a manner suggestive of Mr. Chamberlain, putting his head out of a classical window and addressing the crowd as "Cives" caused much laughter. Nor was "The Encyclopædia Britannica" forgotten at the sale of the Passive Resister's goods, and the Big and the Little Loaf duly made their appearance.

An Irish Beauty.

Mrs. Howard St. George is one of the many beautiful and brilliant leaders of Society in Dublin. Ireland is singularly rich in feminine loveliness, and it has been said that no Royal Court in the world can boast of as many pretty women and fine-looking men as can the Viceregal Court presided over with so much charming grace by the young Countess of Dudley. Mrs. Howard St. George is present at most of the great Viceregal functions, and she also takes a deep interest in the many admirable charitable undertakings which have, as it were, their main-spring at Dublin Castle.

The New Owner of Kylemore.

The Duke of Manchester and his young American Duchess seem likely to form a valuable addition to Society hosts and hostesses. Not content with their two beautiful properties, Kimbolton in England and Tanderagee in Ireland, they are now the proud possessors of Kylemore, which is not only the largest inhabited house in Ireland, but is situated in a singularly lovely stretch of country. Kylemore was mentioned two years ago as a probable Royal residence, and it was thought that only Royalty could manage the upkeep of so huge a pile. The young Duchess of Manchester is, however, a keen and capable woman of business; she has been particularly clever in arranging the interior of Kylemore, relying much on old Irish furniture and effects. During the eighteenth century the greater Irish landlords, men of taste and cultivation, often sought household plenishings in France and Italy, and "bad times" have brought some of these valuable old-world pieces of furniture, old silver, and so on, to the hammer.



THE DUKE OF MANCHESTER IN THE UNIFORM OF THE 5TH KING'S ROYAL RIFLES.

Photograph by Langfrier, Old Bond Street, W.

CHRISTMAS AND THE HOLY LAND.



ALTAR ERECTED ON THE SPOT IN NAZARETH WHERE ONCE STOOD, ACCORDING TO TRADITION, THE CARPENTER'S-SHOP IN WHICH JOSEPH WORKED AT HIS TRADE.



A PROCESSION OF PILGRIMS THROUGH THE STREETS OF BETHLEHEM.

Mr. W. T. Stead. Mr. W. T. Stead is about to return to the field of daily journalism after an exile that has "lasted exactly as long as the twice seven years which Jacob served for Rachel and Leah." The versatile Editor of the *Review of Reviews* does not intend to give up that lively magazine; on the contrary, he hopes that it will become even more useful and more widely known than ever before. When he next addresses his readers, however, it will be in the double capacity of Editor of the *Daily Paper* and Editor of the *Review of Reviews*. In his announcement of his change of plan, Mr. Stead makes some characteristic remarks as to judgments confirmed or reversed. Mr. Chamberlain, it seems, "has triumphantly demonstrated the distrust" with which Mr. Stead has ever regarded him, while Lord Milner, for whom he still entertains a profound regard, has disappointed him in one important particular.

On Jan. 4, Mr. Stead hopes to issue the first number of the *Daily Paper*. A penny evening journal, it will be delivered "at the door of subscribers in London every morning between ten and twelve o'clock for less than a halfpenny a day." Mr. Stead holds out many tempting baits to subscribers. Indeed, every "full subscriber" will receive "the paper daily and the use of a centre of social convenience in his own district for three shillings less than nothing if he pays annually." It is impossible to explain in detail the means by which this curious result is brought about. Suffice it to say that the current number of the *Review of Reviews* contains full particulars of this and many other interesting and original ideas.

The New Member for Dulwich. Dr. Frederic Rutherford Harris, who succeeds the late Sir John Blundell Maple as Unionist Member for the Dulwich Division of Camberwell, has had a somewhat stirring career. Born in 1855, he is a son of the late Mr. George Anstruther Harris, a Judge of the Supreme Court of Madras, and a descendant of the first Lord Harris. He was educated at Leatherhead Grammar School and in Germany, matriculated at Edinburgh University, and was subsequently admitted a Licentiate of the Royal College of Surgeons in the Scottish capital. In 1882, Dr. Harris went out to South Africa in search of health and established a good medical practice at Kimberley. Later on he gained the friendship of Cecil Rhodes and became his confidential agent and first Secretary of the Chartered Company. Elected one of the four Members for Kimberley in the Cape Parliament, he became known as among the most Progressive men in the House, and was for a time a Whip in the Rhodes Administration. His connection with the abortive Jameson Raid is a matter of history, as is also his election for the Monmouth Boroughs at the General Election in 1900, when he was unseated on petition through the indiscretions of some of his supporters. Dr. Harris defeated Mr. C. F. G. Masterman, his opponent at Dulwich, by close on fifteen hundred votes. He is a sportsman as well as a politician and has a castle in Wales.

A Unique Turkish-Bath. The Turkish-bath at Hall Barn is admittedly the finest private Hammam in the kingdom; indeed, it may be doubted whether there is in France, or even in Russia, that home of luxury, anything so complete and luxurious as the bath which is now the proud possession of Lord Burnham, and where the King doubtless enjoyed some pleasant hours during his

week-end visit to Hall Barn. The clever individual under whose care are all the arrangements of the Hammam at Hall Barn was for many years the head *masseur* at the famous Paris Hammam.

Mrs. Cyril Potter. Mrs. Cyril Potter, the pretty daughter of Colonel Marshall and wife of a popular officer, is one of the prettiest women in that interesting section of Society, the military



MRS. CYRIL POTTER, DAUGHTER OF COLONEL MARSHALL.

Photograph by Messrs. Thomson.

set. Even as a girl, Mrs. Potter was much interested in the leading military charities, which have of late years taken so great an extension, and in her the various great ladies who devote so much of their thought and time to making the lot of Tommy Atkins and his feminine belongings happier and better find a most willing coadjutor and helper.

International Visits.

The approaching visit of the French President to Rome is arousing keen interest among the inhabitants of the Eternal City, and a Committee of members of the most important Roman families has been formed to celebrate the event. The Quirinal will have M. Loubet all to itself, as the relations between France and the Vatican are naturally much strained at the present moment, and the Clerical Party has determined to ignore the visit altogether. Another visit of some importance will be that of the King of Spain to Paris next spring, but, though public opinion has been sounded on the subject and has been found generally favourable to the idea, nothing official has yet been done. For all that, the visit will certainly come off, probably in March next.

English Tea in Paris.

Ladies travelling in France have long complained of the difficulty they experience in getting English afternoon-tea, but this want is now supplied by the opening of the Val Rosa Tea-rooms in the Rue Cambon in Paris. The rooms are kept and run by English ladies, and the tea and everything served in the shop are English. Bread-and-butter, hot buttered toast, and real scones are to be had there, and not only the English visitors, but also the Parisians themselves, have taken most kindly to the innovation. The speciality of the rooms is the Val Rosa cream, which is a form of Devonshire cream prepared in a peculiar manner and which has struck the Parisians as a most delectable dainty.



THE FAMOUS TURKISH-BATH AT HALL BARN, NEAR BEACONSFIELD, THE COUNTRY HOUSE OF LORD BURNHAM.

Photograph by Russell and Sons, Baker Street, W.

SMALL TALK ON THE CONTINENT.

[FROM "THE SKETCH" CORRESPONDENTS.]

PARIS.

When "Jeanne Wedekind," the play which was adapted from the German and in which Madame Sarah Bernhardt made her first stage-appearance as a grandmother, failed to win the approval of the public, no one was more annoyed than Sardou, who had hoped for a run of at least three months. His reason was a sentimental one, for he had hoped to see "La Sorcière" played for the first time on April 1 next, a date which will mark his golden-wedding to the Goddess Thespis. The veteran playwright, who has seen no less than seventy of his plays upon the Paris stage, was first played in the Latin Quarter on April 1, 1854, when his play, "La Taverne des Trabans," was hooted off the stage by the infuriated students, who saw, or thought they saw, allusions in it intended to laugh down traditions dear to them. The larger public on the second night was kinder to the play, and on its third production everything pointed to a popular success, when, in a pathetic moment, out went the gas. "That," Sardou said pathetically to a small crowd of us the other evening at a rehearsal of "La Sorcière," "that did for 'La Taverne des Trabans' altogether. Candles were lit, the gas behaved again, but for the remainder of the evening everything that happened on the stage was turned into ridicule by the audience, whom the incident had put into a laughing mood. Poor 'Taverne des Trabans'! I'm rather glad it was a failure—now."

The seventieth successor of the old man's virgin effort (Think of it, twentieth-century playwrights, seventy long plays in fifty years!) does not look like a failure, although "La Sorcière" cannot for strength of plot and singleness of purpose and directness compare with Sardou's own work in "Les Pattes de Mouche" and other truly great plays he has written. It is a picturesque and wonderfully worked-up historic drama, showing, with that sense of theatrical observance which makes Victorien Sardou's work almost unique, Spain of the beginning of the sixteenth century, in all the horror of the Inquisition's persecution of the Moors.

The plot itself is of the slightest. Sarah Bernhardt, Zoraya, is a young Moorish widow, the daughter of a Moorish leech, who by her skill in simples and her knowledge of the power of hypnotism has gained the reputation of a sorceress. She falls a victim to the Inquisition, and the great scene in the fourth Act, where she is tried, is a remarkable reconstitution of the methods and the habits at these terrible forerunners of our own Star Chamber. One thing stands out remarkably in this performance of "La Sorcière" for which few playgoers had dared to hope, and that is Madame Sarah Bernhardt's marvellous impersonation of Zoraya.

Madame Bernhardt's grip upon the audience is as great as ever, and, though the scenery is strange and the costumes are not those of to-day, the human chord in all of us was struck with such a master-hand that in the great scene in Act III., when Zoraya, in an abandonment of grief, throws herself, wildly sobbing, up against the pillar in

the patio, handkerchiefs were as plentifully in use among hardened first-nighters as though we had been suffering with the deserted woman—as, in fact, thanks to the actress's great art, we were.

A word of praise, too, must be given to Madame Moreno's strong and artistic performance as an ancient crone in the great trial-scene in the fourth Act. The silver voice and daintiness of gesture which have made Marguerite Moreno the favourite she is had disappeared, and in their place we hated the grim, horrible old woman who helps to bring Zoraya to her doom. The Français did not do particularly wisely when it let Madame Moreno leave.



M. SARDOU, THE DISTINGUISHED FRENCH DRAMATIST, AND HIS GRANDCHILD.

ROME. "Yes, my doctor ordered me South for the winter," said the Colonel, as he fastened with numbed and icy fingers his overcoat round his neck. "Said the Italian sun would soon put me right, don't you know—warm me up a bit after the beastly rainy English summer," he continued, while his teeth chattered with fits of uncontrollable shivering. "Had a glorious time this afternoon, by Jove!" he added. "Went for a cycle-ride in the 'burning Campagna' to enjoy the soft, balmy, Roman air. Floods everywhere! Stretching from Riano right down to Rome. Over ten miles of floods, I tell you, and a mile and more in breadth! This is what they call 'Spending Christmas in the South,' eh? I swear it was just Whittlesea Mere and nothing else! Trees reflected in barren wastes of watery wilderness, ploughed fields swamped with muddy Tiber leavings. Behind, on the horizon, that old cat of a Roman mountain they call the 'Lioness': the old brute! Why, she was one glistening mass of dazzling snow. Call this 'Going South for Christmas'! Why, if I had not every other moment warmed my ears with my gloves they would have been frost-bitten. No, no! I have a word to say yet to my doctor at home, and won't I let him have it! Next Christmas I'm off to Iceland. No more 'sunny Rome' for me next winter. No, thanks." Thus muttering and sputtering, my irascible friend dived into his hotel and toasted his unfelt, unfeeling feet by the fire and warmed his dismal digestive apparatus with real Roman "Mentha" liqueur. But what a fine season it is

for the cabbies! With their quaint "cab-umbrellas" outspread o'er the box, the hood right up behind, and their horses' ears and heads and backs carefully protected by waterproofs, they splash up to the hotel-doors, swim down the rain-swept streets, and work from morn to night.

Seldom has there been such rain in lovely, quaint old Rome, and seldom such a demand for "Vetturas" and grunting trams. Even the ragged umbrella-mender has bought a suit of clothes and is driving a roaring trade. He has gone up in the world with a vengeance now. No longer does he deign to mend: he sells all day new umbrellas, old umbrellas, good umbrellas, bad umbrellas; all is the same to him. Money flows in like the rain: the "season" is making him rich.

MY MORNING PAPER.



By THE MAN IN THE TRAIN.

WHEN I read in my morning paper the report of a speech by Mr. Akers-Douglas in which he said that Parliament would give effect to the finding of the Alien Immigration Commission in a very little while, I was reminded of an assurance I received recently from a gentleman who is in touch with the Diplomatic centres of several European capitals. He told me that the offer of land in the Uganda Protectorate to the heads of the Zionist movement was a preliminary step to the act of restrictive legislation, that so soon as the Government can point to a haven of refuge it will bar the alien right of entry upon this once free land. If the restriction is limited to criminal aliens, nobody will complain; but the refusal of admission to the man who brings a trade with him and a capacity for hard and honest work will be as disastrous a policy as could be devised, even allowing that the statesmen of our Halfpenny Press endorse it.

We cannot have too many serious workers in these days, when the tendency is to make sport at least as important as work. I had a

than bread and water. Their supper and breakfast had yielded nothing more; to be sure, they had asked for bread, but they had not bargained to get stones, and seven hundredweight of them. So they struck, not stones but work, and came before the Great Unpaid in the rôle of the Great Unfed. One of the magistrates suggested that the diet was meagre, and the master said his power was limited to giving them hot water instead of cold if they preferred it. Then the magistrates, realising in their infinite wisdom that the defendants were already in hot water enough, administered a sentence of seven days' imprisonment, so that for a week, at least, the unfortunate tramps have had better fare than the workhouse affords, and will not have been called upon to work so hard for it.

The discussion upon the treatment of naughty children, though it savours of the Silly Season, amuses me immensely, and I turn to the columns of a daily paper that is not my regular choice to watch developments. It will not avail to correct naughty children in the



THE ART OF BALLET-DANCING: PUPILS AT WORK.

[DRAWN FROM LIFE BY A. S. FORREST.]

Madame Cavallazzi-Mapleson, who has charmed so many playgoers in England and America with her wonderful dancing, holds one of the very few classes left to London in which ballet-dancing is taught. She takes great pride in it and is doing her best to bring back to the lighter stage the tradition of the French and Italian schools.

careful look at the contents-bills of the Evening Press the other day, when somewhere "down under" eleven representative English cricketers were playing a friendly game with eleven representative Australians. At that moment Herbert Spencer lay unburied, Japan through her House of Representatives had censured Count Katsura's Cabinet and was clamouring feverishly for war with Russia, other events of lesser magnitude were making their claim upon the public ear; but Mr. Noble's "century" and the efforts of Tyldesley and Braund were thrust upon the attention of one and all, and, to do the sub-editors justice, their policy seemed to be justified by the measure of public support it elicited. The passing of one of the greatest philosophers of the Victorian Era, the dangers of a war in the Far East that might involve Great Britain, these and lesser things were of no account by the side of the game of cricket. Surely, if Mr. Kipling was in town, he must have chuckled and muttered the most delightful words in the language, "I told you so."

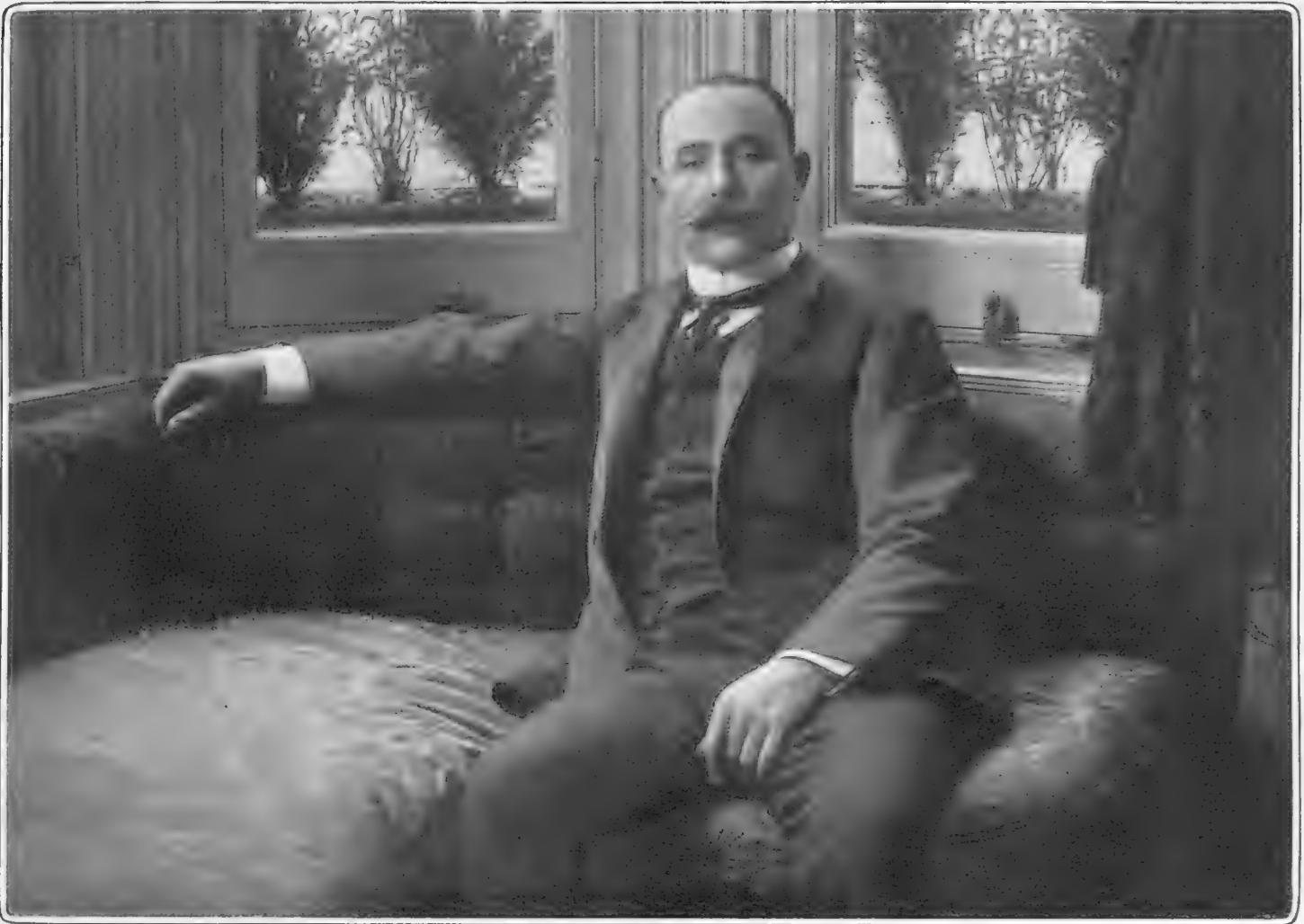
I read that two tramps were brought up before the Great Unpaid the other day for refusing to break seven hundredweight of stones in payment of their board-and-lodging account. They pleaded that the work was to be done with the help of no more stimulating diet

popular, old-fashioned way, for we are assured on high professorial authority that theirs is a moral failing that no correction can help. The nursery is the place where all the weaknesses young flesh is heir to may be watched to advantage, but mothers and nurses cannot hope to deal with them effectively.

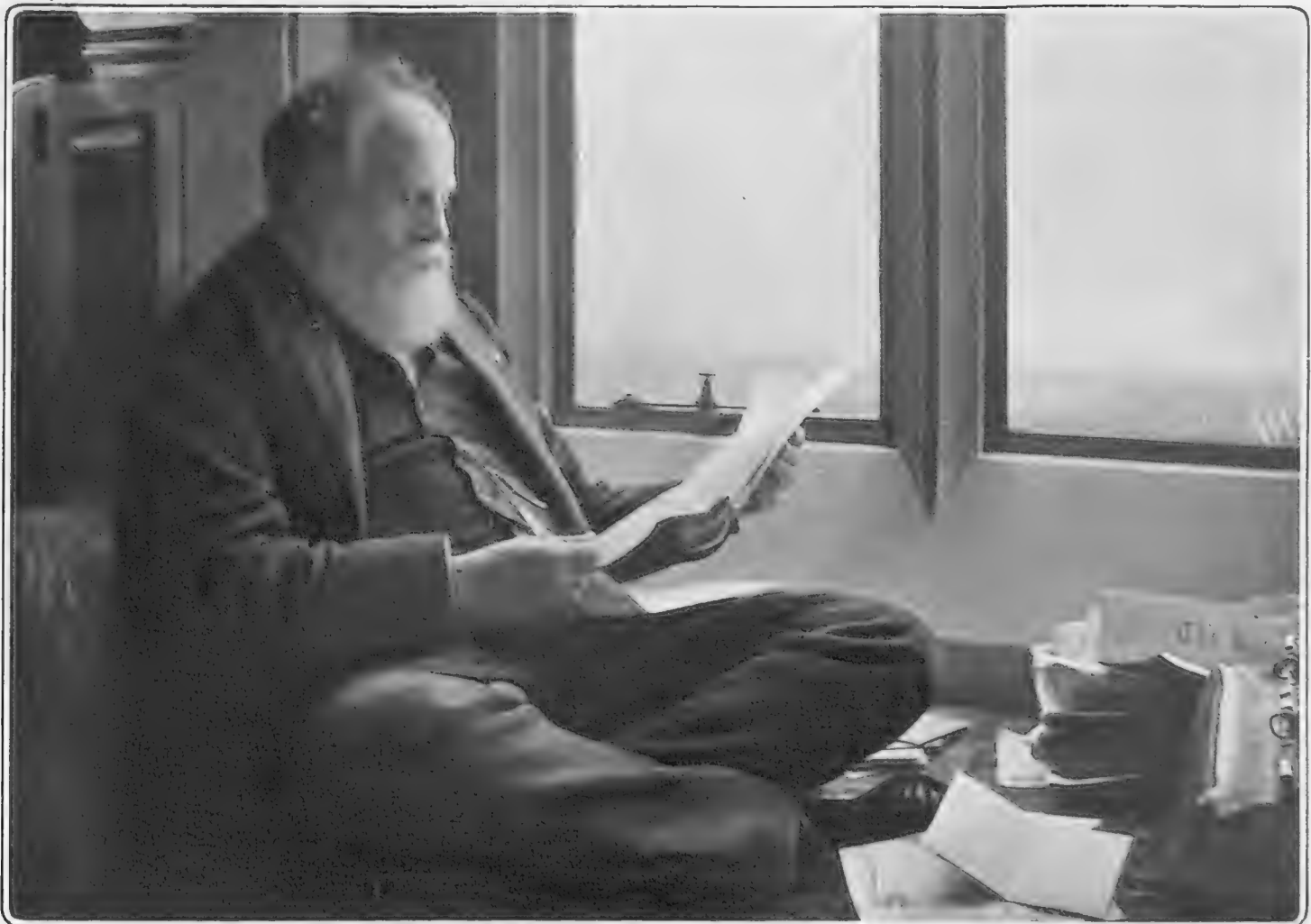
Naturally enough, I am interested in the case of the train outrage that occurred a week or two ago, and I notice that some of the papers go so far as to advocate the establishment of corridor-trains throughout the country; to make assaults impossible and enable the weaker sex to travel in security. This is a very expensive demand, seeing that not one woman in a million is troubled when she travels. It would be far simpler to make a small opening in the woodwork between each carriage, until such times as corridor-trains can come into common use. If such an opening were made and any traveller attempted to assault a fellow-passenger, a cry could be heard throughout the compartment, and in a few minutes all the train would know that there was trouble. Then, if anybody attempted to leave the carriage, the hue-and-cry would be raised without delay and the escape of a guilty party would be well-nigh impossible. Under these circumstances, assaults in railway-carriages would become unprofitable and unpopular.

THE WORLD OF POLITICS: TWO MEN OF MARK.

(SEE PAGE 340.)

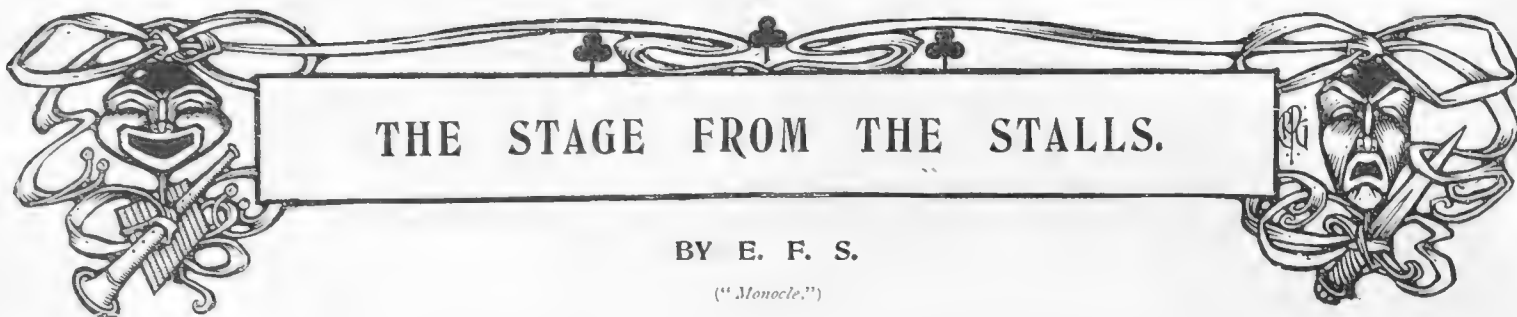


DR. RUTHERFOORD HARRIS, NEW CONSERVATIVE M.P. FOR DULWICH.



MR. W. T. STEAD, EDITOR AND PROPRIETOR OF THE "REVIEW OF REVIEWS," WHO IS ABOUT TO BRING OUT A NEW EVENING JOURNAL CALLED "THE DAILY PAPER."

Photographs by E. H. Mills.



THE STAGE FROM THE STALLS.

BY E. F. S.

("Monocle.")

CALF-LOVE—PANTOMIME POLITICS—"THE GIRL FROM KAY'S" AGAIN.

A GLANCE at the notices in the weekly papers concerning "Dick Hope" leads one to a feeling of bewilderment. I learn that "it is not very easy to work up much interest or excitement over the billings and cooings of middle-aged couples, and Monday's audience had to look for comfort, not to the love-making between the hero and parson and the heroine . . . but in the direction of the boy and girl sweethearts." There could hardly be a clearer indication of the condition of drama when such a passage appears in a paper supposed to have great influence in the theatrical as well as in the pugilistic world. It may be taken from the data of the play that the hero, heroine, and parson are all somewhere between thirty-five and forty-five. If drama is written for persons in their teens, no doubt we ought to scorn the billings and cooings of such grown-up people; real life and real drama, however, show us that the most interesting dramas of passion, pure or impure, occur in the case of people who have got beyond the calf stage. It is, perhaps, unpleasant to drag in the suggestion, but it may be noticed that most of the cases in the Divorce Court concern men who admit that they have passed forty, and women whose friends laugh when it is suggested that the heroine of the case is only thirty-three. Modern fiction, as far as novels are concerned, takes less account than in former days of the sugar-and-cream sweethearting of the adolescents, for the simple reason that it is intensely inconclusive, and that the "finis" to the old type of book which ends with a marriage of a youth and a maid is in reality, as a rule, merely the conclusion of a preface.

It has often been suggested that the affairs of the world lie nowadays more than in olden times in the hands of the young: observation shows that the suggestion really is based upon the fact that the middle-aged, so far as age is reckoned by the passage of time, are younger than they used to be. The women who fifty years ago would have put on caps and retired from active life now go to the fashionable *coiffeurs* and give the girls a beating, even at weight-for-age. We are all remarkably young in these days, unless we happen to be under thirty, and the big books and the big plays deal, as a rule, with grown-up human beings, not children. Putting the matter in a nutshell, any statement which involves the proposition that the love-affairs of the Marjory presented by Mrs. Kendal are inevitably less interesting than those of a boy and girl well in their minority seems to indicate an attitude towards drama that may give despair to our dramatists.

It appears that this season we are going to have a debauch of politics in our Christmas entertainments. Already an American actress is reciting Protectionist doggerel in the music-halls. There is something peculiarly charming in so-called patriotic sentiments when uttered on business terms by foreigners: it has often been said that the true Parisian comes from the provinces, but it seems a wide extension of the idea to have Jingo sentiments uttered in public places by aliens. There was a great deal of this sort of thing during the late War. What, however, moves me to write is Mr. Glover's letter to the *Westminster Gazette* concerning the fiscal-policy songs in the coming pantomime.

Mr. Glover argues, if he does not reason, bravely in defence of political ballads, and even quotes a piece of doggerel that is to be offered to us. Of course, in such matters one does not take musicians seriously. Mr. "Jimmy" Glover is an excellent musician, an indefatigable conductor, and, I believe, a charming man; but it is a little difficult to forget a French phrase concerning the intellectual equipment of musicians which wild horses would find no difficulty in dragging from me, though the ordinary commercial rates for journalism do not cause me to divulge it. What seems to me remarkable is the indiscretion of the entertainment-mongers. Suppose you stuff in some rhymes in favour of Protection, sung and written by persons who can hardly be regarded by anybody as authorities upon important questions of political economy, you will please those people who are going the whole Chamberlain, but are bound to annoy those who take different and, perhaps, misguided views. What is the probable result? Those who cheer will not be so much thrilled by hearing in the theatre what they read every morning on the 'bus or in the train as to find the piece any the better or more entertaining on account of it; those who are vexed by hearing what they probably regard as an impertinent, unfair attack on views to them of intense importance are likely to take a jaundiced, unjust view of the whole work. If hot-headed, they will hiss and "boo" unsuccessfully, since the majority of

entertainment-seekers at any theatre, Palace of Varieties, penny gaff, or tap-house free-and-easy is certain to be against them. Then, probably, they will get sulky, find the whole piece tedious, and recommend their friends to keep away. If I were one of those effusive people who care twopence, or even less, about the bias of political doggerel sung in a theatre, I imagine that I should be unfair to the whole piece, and therefore I assume that persons who do fash themselves about such things will give a wrong impression to their friends. It will serve the caterers right if their jingo jingles keep away from their houses a good many entertainment-seekers, warned off by a friend rendered indignant by this kind of fustian patriotic stuff.

It may be suggested that these pantomime politics will be received unfavourably by the majority; experience, however, leads one to the assertion that this will not be the case, for it appears that the majority in all ordinary places of entertainment is Conservative. The question is rather fine whether this Conservatism is due to the playgoers or the players. There is no doubt about the Conservatism of the players, except, I believe, after those sad occasions on which titles are lavished more recklessly on provincial Mayors and successful financiers than upon actors. Hope, however, springs eternal in the actor's breast, to say nothing of the journalist's, and the reaction sets in, and history shows very good reason why entertainers should side against the Party which for a long time has taken the more serious view of life. It might be unfair to suggest that there is any connection between the Toryism of the entertainer and the historical aspect of the relation between entertainments and publicans. One thing should be said in favour of the profession: there was a time when it grouped itself protectively against foreign players, though willing to batten on stolen French farces; of late years a change has come and there seems to have been very little murmuring against the invasion of Continental actors and actresses or the importation—I presume the word "dumping" would be unfair—of American artistes. I myself have suggested on several occasions that it seems unjust that American actresses should be engaged as leading ladies in important theatres even when possessed of insufficient talent to counteract the bad effect caused by their accent, but I have found myself a kind of Athanasius in the matter.

A visit to "The Girl from Kay's," now removed to the Comedy, will, when its immense popularity is taken into account, show clearly enough how entirely Conservative the public is. In saying this, there is not even so much as a hair's-breadth of a hint that the popularity is undeserved. If our playgoers, like their fellows in some misguided Continental countries, had any revolutionary ideas about drama, such works would hardly treat a year's run as a kind of preliminary canter. Of course, Mr. Willie Edouin is a remarkably clever broad-comedian, even if inclined to be monotonous in a rather violent manner. Mr. Aubrey Fitzgerald, who made quite a "hit" with a new song, "I once was a pretty boy," is another very popular and extravagant player. Miss Millie Legarde and Miss Kate Cutler are absolutely charming—that is incontestable. Mr. Bradfield has been called "the coming Arthur Roberts," and there is abundance of the kind of music generally successful in this kind of piece, consequently another year or so of prosperity seems promised. Nevertheless, the piece does cause one to wonder for a moment—to wonder why the public accepts enthusiastically a Hoggengheimer treated as a comic character and as a sort of "good sort," yet will not endure plays in which he is represented seriously; and to wonder why there is always a howl when the kind of young person who gives the title to the piece is put upon the boards in a work that pretends to present life, though at the Comedy she is regarded as a charming character. Perhaps, without knowing it, the British Public acts on the Figaro phrase about making haste to laugh for fear of being compelled to weep over the ugly figures that are cheerily given in frivolous plays. What a fantastic state of affairs it is that, according to our critical public, you must not present horrible creatures in comedy unless they are radically unlikable, but may offer them in trifling pieces, with all the paraphernalia of winks and leers, and render them as near Nature as you please and can! Even in the coming flood of Christmas pieces we shall have plenty of matter which would not be tolerated in real drama. Fortunately, the young people will not understand, and we shall all express charitable opinions.

A CLEVER GAIETY DANCER.



MISS KITTY MASON AS A "DEBUTANTE" IN "THE ORCHID."

Photograph by Ellis and Walery, Baker Street, W.

THE ROYAL FAMILY AT SANDRINGHAM:

SOME TYPICAL VIEWS.



THE KING'S GAMEKEEPER DISTRIBUTING GAME FOR HIS MAJESTY.



THE PRINCE OF WALES'S AVIARY.

Photographs by Ralph, Dersingham.

THE ROYAL FAMILY AT SANDRINGHAM:

SOME TYPICAL VIEWS.



A WINTRY VIEW OF THE HALL.



THE KING'S GUN-ROOM.

Photographs by Ralph, Dersingham.

*Tennyson's Heroines.**Drawn by H. Forestier.*

III.—GUINEVERE.

*"To blame, my lord Sir Lancelot, much to blame!
Why go ye not to these fair jousts? The knights
Are half of them our enemies, and the crowd*

*Will murmur, 'Lo the shameless ones, who take
Their pastime now the trustful King is gone!'"*

—"LANCLOT AND ELAINE."



CHRISTMAS EVE IN OUR VILLAGE.

SOME JOTTINGS BY FRANK REYNOLDS.

"THE SKETCH" PHOTOGRAPHIC INTERVIEWS.

A PAINTER of varied moods and of many manners is the Hon. John Collier. Though he practises chiefly the art of portraiture and has during the last quarter of a century turned out an average of one portrait a month, or rather more, yet he has contrived to always paint at least one subject-picture every year, though the number has generally been two, and sometimes three.

Everyone will, therefore, admit that he is what his brother artists call him, a very industrious painter, though he himself would probably be the first to say that he does not think he works as hard as members of the other professions. For this reason, his statement, invariably made with a merry twinkle in the eye, that when he found it necessary to earn a living he chose painting because it gave him the means of doing so with the least possible exertion, must be regarded as one of those things which might be expressed otherwise; for in the next breath he will state that he is fond of hard work, and the artistic profession is the hardest he knows. Perhaps neither of these statements should be taken literally, though they are often made in good faith by other artists.

A subject which occasionally calls for Mr. Collier's amused comment is that so many people are anxious to do for pleasure what artists do for work. An example was forthcoming in his own family, for his father, the late Lord Monkswell, a very hard-working barrister, used to take his recreation in painting landscapes. It is by no means improbable, therefore, that the painter's bias to art came in the form of a happy heritage. Certainly, from the time he was a boy he was fond of drawing and had a distinct gift for it. At Eton he took a drawing prize—the only prize, by the way, which he won there—and drawing was about the only thing to which he ever applied himself at school. After leaving Eton, he studied at the Slade School of Art, when it was first founded at University College under the Professorship of Mr. E. J. Poynter, now Sir Edward Poynter, P.R.A. From Gower Street he migrated to Rome, to Munich, and to Paris. In Paris he met Robert Louis Stevenson, and spent a whole summer with him at Barbizon at the time when Stevenson had just published a delightful essay on the Forest of Fontainebleau and was coming into notice.

It was in 1875 that Mr. Collier's first picture was hung in the Academy. It was a study of a female head, but it is no longer in existence, for Mr. Collier himself destroyed it. The first things which brought him into notice were portraits of a Major and Mrs. Forster, exhibited in the Academy of 1877. The portraits were something of a departure for those days, since they were painted in a greenhouse, and the opportunities for the background of foliage and the unusual effect of light were made the most of. The result was the picture attracted a good deal of attention, and, although at that time Mr. Collier had no thoughts of becoming a portrait-painter, his commissions were so many that he felt impelled to accept them, and he has been doing the same ever since. His most frequent sitter

Mrs. Collier, whom he has painted some ten times. Seven of her portraits are in their house. The last of these, representing her leaning against the piano and looking into a mirror, in which her face is reflected, won for the artist a bronze medal at the last Paris International Exhibition. Of late, Mr. Collier has painted a good

many members of the theatrical profession, and among other portraits may be mentioned those of Miss Julia Neilson, Miss Cissie Loftus, Miss Mabel Terry-Lewis, Mr. Lewis Waller as M. Beaucaire, and Mrs. Brown-Potter as Miladi, while for Mr. Tree he is at present engaged on a large canvas representing the manager of His Majesty's Theatre himself as Sir John Falstaff, and Mrs. Kendal and Miss Ellen Terry as the Merry Wives. In addition, he has painted a portrait of Mr. Toole as a commission for Sir Henry Irving, who presented it to the Garrick Club, and a portrait of Sir Henry himself.

Although, as a rule, an absolute realist—and he endeavours to be as realistic as possible in the modern pictures to which he has recently been devoting himself—Mr. Collier has not confined himself to one form of art, for he has painted classical, Egyptian, mediæval, and Renaissance pictures, so that he may be said to have no particular style and to deal with no individual epoch. The first subject-picture to attract attention was "The Last Voyage of Henrik Hudson," which was exhibited in the Royal Academy in 1881, and, having been bought under the terms of the Chantrey Bequest, may now be seen at the Tate Gallery.

An early picture was Lilith, Adam's first wife, whom Mr. Collier painted conspiring with the Serpent.

For the Serpent he wanted a real specimen of a large variety. His uncle was a County Court Judge in Liverpool who knew Mr. Cross of that city, the largest importer of wild animals in the world, and thus it happened that Mr. Cross lent the young artist a boa-constrictor of ten or a dozen feet long and a man to take care of it. Mr. Collier went down to Liverpool and engaged a studio to make the necessary studies for his picture. The man used to allow the reptile to coil about him, taking care to hold it by the throat, so that he could prevent it wrapping itself around him and doing him a serious injury. It was winter, and the creature's movements were naturally sluggish. One day, the man having gone to lunch and left the snake coiled up in a corner of the room, Mr. Collier and a friend who happened to be with him made up a good fire in the stove. As the room grew warmer, the snake grew livelier, and, moving around, came to the door, which happened to be a little ajar, and began to crawl out. Not knowing what would happen if it escaped, Mr. Collier caught hold of its tail and began to pull. The snake had, however, got hold of something which it could use as a purchase, and began to pull the painter. Then his friend came to Mr. Collier's help, but eventually they had to abandon their hold on the snake, which went off into space. Luckily, the hall was very cold, and when the man returned from lunch he found the boa had not wandered far, for it was



PORTRAIT OF THE HON. JOHN COLLIER.

From the Painting by Himself.



"TIGER-LILIES."

From the Painting by the Hon. John Collier.



A PICTURE PAINTED BY SIR LAWRENCE ALMA-TADEMA FOR THE HON. JOHN COLLIER.

LXXIII.—THE HON. JOHN COLLIER.



"I'M JUST GETTING READY FOR YOU."



"PARDON ME! A FINISHING TOUCH."



"I DESIGNED THIS TAPESTRY AND HAD IT MADE IN GENEVA."

coiled up in the passage. After that little episode, however, Mr. Collier always carefully chloroformed the boa before he painted it.

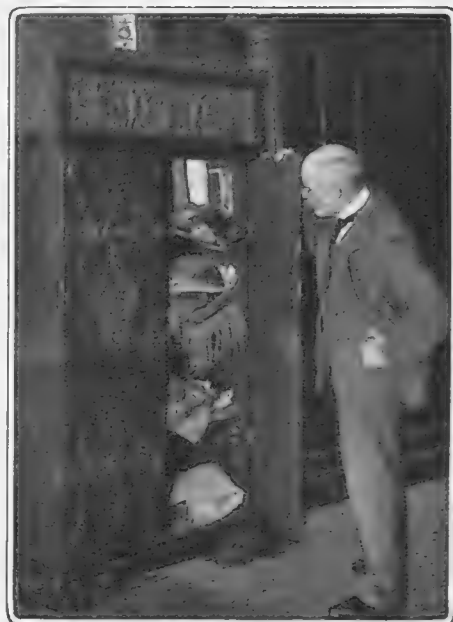
Mr. Collier's largest picture is "The Death of Cleopatra." It is thirteen feet high by ten feet broad, and was exhibited in the Academy in 1890. Before painting it, he went to Egypt to make studies, the chief of which were done in the Great Temple at Philæ, in one of the rooms of which he and two friends camped out. They were probably the last people who ever lived in the Temple, for M. Grebaud, the Keeper of the Museum at Boulak, happened to hear of the matter and went in a terrible rage to the caretaker, whom he threatened with dismissal for having allowed anyone to stay in the Temple.

The picture, which was bought by the Corporation of Oldham, contains only three figures, Cleopatra and one maid lying dead, and a second maid dying. For Cleopatra, Mr. Collier followed the well-known bas-relief at the Temple of Dendera, but he resisted the temptation to introduce the asp always associated with the "Serpent of Old Nile," for it is extremely doubtful if she met her death in that way.

Among the many celebrities he has painted, the most fidgety sitter he has had was undoubtedly Mr. John Burns, who walked up and down the room the whole time and talked in an extremely interesting manner as he walked. It was probably this very restlessness which enabled the painter to reproduce the animated portrait which was exhibited in the New Gallery in 1890. On the other hand, the most placid sitter he ever had was Darwin, whose portrait, painted shortly before his death, was exhibited in the Academy in 1882. Darwin was then a great invalid and could not sit long at a time, but the extraordinary tranquility of his manner made him an easy subject. Huxley, who was Mr. Collier's father-in-law, the artist painted twice, and found him an extremely difficult subject, for his expression was constantly changing, in obedience to the working of his many-sided brain.

In the dining-room of his beautiful house in Eton Avenue the Hon. John Collier has one of the most interesting pictures of modern times. This is Sir Lawrence Alma-Tadema's "A Sculptor's Model," a life-size nude female figure which was painted under remarkable conditions. Lord Monkswell, Mr. Collier's father, was anxious that Sir Lawrence should take his son as a pupil. This the exigencies of his work prevented the older painter from doing, but his interest was so great that he promised to paint a picture from beginning to end in the young man's studio, in order that he might see exactly how the older brother in art worked. The model was selected, the canvas placed in position, and for many months, at various intervals, Sir Lawrence used to go to work at it until he had finished it. When it was done, Lord Monkswell bought it, and in that way it came into the possession of the artist, who places a very high value on it, not only because it is a fine work of art, but because of the personal element it contains.

Sir Lawrence and Mr. Collier are great friends, and in the former's Hall of Panels one of the most characteristic pictures is a scene in the Temple at Philæ, which was painted especially to fill its own particular niche in the Hall.



"MORE OF MY STOCK-IN-TRADE."



"A SCENE FROM 'THE MERRY WIVES OF WINDSOR' FOR MR. TREE. HOW DO YOU LIKE MRS. KENDAL?"



"A MERRY CHRISTMAS TO ALL YOUR STAFF AT 'THE SKETCH' OFFICE!"

THE LITERARY LOUNGER.

NOW that the special sales of "The Encyclopædia Britannica" are at an end, it is interesting to calculate the results. The *Publishers' Circular* supplies some figures which do not profess to be exact, but may be taken as roughly correct. Forty thousand sets of the twenty-five volume edition of the Encyclopædia were sold at prices ranging from £14 to £28. Taking £20 as an average price, this will amount to £800,000. The Supplement consists of eleven volumes, the lowest price being £11 8s., and the highest £20 3s. Calculating that 20,000 purchasers bought at an average price of £15, we have £300,000, making the total receipts £1,100,000. When all deductions are made, it may be asserted with confidence that more than £1,000,000 has been invested by the book-buying public in the work. The *Publishers' Circular* takes the cost of production at £500,000 and of advertising at £100,000, leaving from £400,000 to £500,000 as profit. There is no parallel to such a transaction in the annals of publishing and bookselling.

There can be no doubt that the immense sale of the Encyclopædia has affected the general demand for books. Many of those who are paying the instalments consider that they have no right to spend more money in literature, and for some time the prosperity of booksellers

has been retarded. Further, publishers have complained that all literary advertisements have recently been quite killed by the advertisements of the Encyclopædia. It may turn out, however, in the long run, that the demand for books will be increased by the fact that such a work as the Encyclopædia is now in so many homes.

The *Times* is now to go on quickly with its history of the South African Campaign. Two volumes out of six have been published by Messrs. Sampson Low, Marston, and Co. Volumes three, four, and five are being carried forward simultaneously, and as quickly as is consistent with accuracy. I hear various rumours of other *Times* enterprises, among them of a great collection of music. But it is difficult to suppose that any undertaking of such magnitude as the Encyclopædia can be found to follow it.

We are to have by-and-by the Encyclopædia of Messrs. Nelson, which has been long in preparation. This is a work of the same class as Messrs. Chambers's invaluable Encyclopædia.

I gather that a completely new edition of "The Encyclopædia Britannica" is not to be published for many years. If this be so, an enterprising publisher has his opportunity. With all its merits, "The Encyclopædia Britannica" suffers by being divided into the main work and Supplement. An Encyclopædia in twenty-five volumes, brought thoroughly up to date and issued as quickly and regularly as the volumes of the Supplement were issued, would supply a real need and meet with a warm welcome. The editor, if he were wise, would follow rather the lines of the Supplement to the Encyclopædia than the Encyclopædia itself. I calculate that such a book could be got out at a cost of about £200,000, if satisfactory arrangements for co-operation were made with the United States and the Colonies. But, to secure success, the advertising would have to be on a very large scale.

Though booksellers are somewhat pessimistic, the publishing season has not been unsatisfactory. The chief wholesale bookselling firm reports in the *Bookman* very favourably. The home trade seems to have been better than the export trade. Mr. Morley's "Life of Gladstone" has been far the most prominent item on the booksellers' list. Mr. Kipling's "Five Nations" has been amazingly popular. Of illustrated books, Mrs. Allingham's "Happy England" has been as popular as any. Among novels, "Katherine Frensham," "The Yellow Van," "Barbe of Grand Bayou," "Dr. Xavier," "Rachel Marr," "The Relentless City," and the "Heart of Rome" have been among the most popular both in England and in Scotland. The chief wholesale house in Scotland reports that Christmas Numbers show a marked tendency to decline. Among children's books, "Mr. Punch's New Book," "Grant Richard's Annual," and "Toby and his Little Dog Tan" have found many delighted purchasers.

Macmillan has a very intelligent commentary on the "Scott Gallery" published by Messrs. Jack, of Edinburgh. Of the portraits of Scott himself, that by Raeburn done in 1808 and that by Sir Thomas Lawrence in 1820 are probably the two best, but the family thought that Leslie's half-length, painted for Ticknor in 1824, preserved the expression most familiar to themselves. The portrait of Scott's bosom-friend, William Erskine, Lord Kinnedder, is exactly what we should have expected. The expression on the face is one of infinite softness and tenderness. The mouth is weak, but the forehead is good. Erskine's melancholy end was quite in keeping with his character. Of the two Ballantynes, notwithstanding their close connection with Scott and the many things that have been written about them, we really know very little. Insinuations and dark hints there are, of course, in abundance, but much remains mysterious. John Ballantyne, in the portrait, has a mild and pensive countenance. Constable, the Napoleon of the publishing trade, is a portly, good-looking man, with some resemblance to the real Napoleon about him. O. O.



PAGES FROM MY ALBUM OF BORES.

II.—THE MAN WHO IS ALWAYS BOASTING OF HIS CAST-IRON CONSTITUTION.



A MEMORABLE CHRISTMAS.

By HAROLD OHLSON

THEY were singing carols in the drawing-room when I missed my sister, Lady Emily. I had noticed an unusual depression in her manner during the evening, so I went in search of her. The door of the library was partly open as I passed, and, by the glow of the firelight, I saw Emily reclining on the hearth-rug, her head resting on her hand and her gaze directed into the fire. I knew it for a favourite attitude when privacy was assured.

"Hullo!" I remarked.

"Oh, it's you!" said Emily, sinking down again, and speaking, I fancied, a little sadly.

"I'm sorry," said I. "I would be—another—if I could."

"You're the very person I wanted to see."

"Yes?" said I. (Not that I believed it.)

"Johnny," said Emily, suddenly sitting up again, "something must be done. We can't have this sort of thing."

"Why, what's the matter?"

"Carols!" she ejaculated.

"Surely nothing could be more appropriate and harmless."

"That's just it—appropriate and harmless. Which means dull and horrid. We *must* wake things up."

"Certainly," I agreed.

"But how?" inquired Emily, apparently seeking inspiration in the fire.

A minute we remained silent, buried in thought. Then a brilliant idea flashed across me.

"Snapdragon!" I cried.

Emily raised her eyes to my face, shook her head sadly, and then directed her gaze again into the fire. I decided not to press the point.

"What do people do at Christmas-time?" she inquired, presently.

"Eat too much, drink too—well—more than is strictly necessary, and—"

"Sing carols," added Emily, bitterly. "Everyone is horribly dull, I know. What did they have in the olden days—the Christmas-story days?"

"Bowls of wassail, Yule-logs, ghosts—"

Emily brightened.

"Couldn't you be a ghost, Johnny?" she inquired.

"Life is very sweet," I pleaded.

"I suppose you're too fat," sighed Emily, with brutal candour. "What else is there?"

"Highwaymen," I suggested, feeling delightfully encyclopædic.

"I wonder whether you could—?" began Emily, thoughtfully.

I hastened to assure her I had no natural qualifications for that profession. But I suggested young Smithers. He had told me the day before that I was getting bald. I should have liked him to be hung.

Emily thought for a moment, then sighed wearily and rose. She evidently regarded young Smithers as a broken reed.

"It is a frightful responsibility having people to amuse. But everyone is stopping until the New Year, which gives us a week. In that time something shall happen for them to remember and talk about. Come, Johnny, we must go downstairs."

The carols had died a lingering death. Lady Emily and I returned to the drawing-room.

On Boxing Day some little excitement (although insufficient for Lady Emily's satisfaction) was caused among our guests by the sudden departure of one of them. Young Featherstone informed me that he was compelled to return to town, and left late in the afternoon. He took my sister into his confidence, and told her that it was impossible for him to stay, as he had asked Lady Mannering for the hand of her daughter and it had been refused him. It appeared that Lady Mannering had accidentally witnessed the bestowal of a kiss, entirely the fault of a bough of mistletoe, and he had felt compelled to furnish some explanation. Although the exact circumstances were, of course, not generally known, everyone in the house conjectured the reason for his sudden departure, his attitude towards Kitty Mannering, and her mother's evident disapproval of it, having excited no little interest.

On the following evening, I had left my guests for a few minutes and was searching for a book in the library, when Emily burst into the room.

"Johnny, it's just lovely!" she cried. "Look here!"

Then she turned down the gas, and, seizing my arm, dragged me to the window. Gently raising the blind a little, she pointed to two dark figures dimly to be seen among the trees.

"It's Kitty and Mr. Featherstone," she whispered. "She told me—he hasn't gone—he's staying in the village."

"But this is most improper!" I exclaimed.

"Of course it is!" cheerfully responded my sister. "It's lovely! Just when I wanted something to happen, too!"

"There is certainly the material for a romance," said I.

"But we want a crisis," remarked Emily, thoughtfully.

"I hope that nobody sees them."

"Everybody has seen them—except Lady Mannering," said Emily, turning up the gas again.

"What!" I exclaimed.

"I've shown them, and the excitement is intense. It proves how dull the poor things were before. They are all discussing how it will end."

"It is on the knees of the gods," said I.

Lady Emily shook her head sadly. She evidently had no confidence that the immortals could arrange things properly without assistance.

"I don't think Lady Mannering is really horrid about it, only she thinks they are too young and ought to wait. What does it matter if they are young?"

"What, indeed?" said I. "Youth is the time to gather the roses."

I must have spoken a little sadly, for Emily came close to me and slipped her arm round my neck.

"Poor old Johnny!" she said, softly.

My sister knew that sometimes there is only a memory of the thorns.

A hard frost gripped the earth on the last days of the old year, and on New Year's Eve we arranged a skating-party on a large pond near the house. The ice was in splendid condition, except at one end, where it had apparently been recently broken, and it was late in the afternoon before we could make up our minds to leave it. At last, however, we had all taken off our skates except Kitty Mannering, and were about to acquaint her with our displeasure and refuse to wait any longer, when we were startled by a scream from the far end of the pond, where it narrowed and bent almost at a right angle and was shut off from our view by trees and bushes.

"Kitty's—fallen in!" gasped Emily.

But there was no time for words; we slipped and scrambled across the ice in frantic haste. However, help was nearer at hand; before we had got half-way across a shout in a voice unmistakably masculine guided us to the scene of the disaster. Some hurdles were standing at the edge of the pond, and these we wrenched from their fastenings and pushed out on the treacherous piece of ice. In a few minutes two dripping figures were safely landed. Then for the first time, owing to my excitement, I recognised the gallant rescuer.

"Featherstone!" I cried.

"My name," he answered, smiling.

"Thank Heaven you were in time!" said I. "But now get back to the house as fast as you can, both of you—don't stop to talk!"

My advice was promptly followed, and Emily and I accompanied the dripping pair in a mad race up the hill, the remainder of the party following more leisurely. As we entered the hall, Lady Mannering came down the stairs. Her daughter, who, I could see, was extremely anxious to disappear from the eyes of men, rushed past her, calling out, "It's all right, mother; I'm only a little wet!"

Featherstone stood by the door, evidently uncertain whether to run away.

"Oh, what has happened, Emily?" cried Lady Mannering.

"Thanks to Mr. Featherstone, nothing very serious," answered my sister.

"Your daughter fell into the water, and he jumped in and held her up until we could pull them out," I explained.

"I—I am very grateful to you, Mr. Featherstone," said Lady Mannering, with some hesitation.

The situation was awkward, so I promptly put an end to it by insisting that Featherstone should go and change his clothes at once, and bearing him away. I knew that the young man had better leave his case unreservedly in the hands of Lady Emily. I have great confidence in my sister in these matters.

As I returned to the hall, I met Lady Mannering and Emily on the stairs.

"Oh, Johnny, you will ask Mr. Featherstone to dine with us, won't you?" said Emily.

I glanced at Lady Mannering. My sister, from the stair below, nodded vigorously.

"Certainly," said I.

An hour later, as I was dressing for dinner, a knock came at my door.

"Can I come in?" inquired a voice, which I recognised as belonging to Lady Emily.

I unlocked the door and my sister entered. I gathered from her appearance that her toilet was incomplete. However, a dressing-gown becomes her remarkably well.

"How is Lady Kitty?" I asked.

"Oh, she's dried all right," replied Emily, cheerfully. "Didn't it work beautifully, Johnny?"

"Had you anything to do with this?" I inquired, sternly. (I had had my suspicions.)

"Promise that you won't tell anyone," commanded Emily.

I promised. My sister drew herself up proudly.

"I made the hole," she said.

"But they might have been drowned!" I exclaimed.

"The water was only three feet deep there, because Mr. Featherstone measured it."

"Then our heroism on the hurdles—?"

"Was quite unnecessary," said Emily, smiling sweetly. "They were kneeling on the bottom all the time."

My sister rose to depart, but at the door she turned to me again.

"I think I have given them all something to remember," she said.

"There are certainly two who will not readily forget it," I agreed.

THE END.



PLEASANT ANTICIPATIONS.

Mrs. SCARCELY-SMITH: Yes! I think I will take a blue one!

SKETCHED IN REGENT STREET BY ARTHUR GARRATT.



A FACT.

"I 'ear as you want a model, Sir."

"Yes. Can you sit?"

"Set! Love yer, Sir, like a old 'en!"

DRAWN BY DUDLEY HARDY.

A NOVEL IN A NUTSHELL.

MRS. BIDDY.

By KATHARINE TYNAN.



It made something of a stir at the Wells when the Duchess of Fraunt was known to be in lodgings there with the two little daughters of her second

marriage. The Duchess had astonished the world within ten months of the Duke's death by wedding a plain, honourable gentleman, one Mr. William Auchterlony, who had neither title nor estates, nor birth nor good looks, nor anything else except his worth. Considering that she was, according to the judgment of her contemporaries, the proudest and most expensive woman within the three kingdoms, and had borne no less than nineteen children to the Duke, it may be imagined that her second marriage was little less than a scandal. It was said that the Queen was so angry with her that she need not have shown her face at Court again if it had not been for the pleading of her sister-in-law, Lady Louisa, who was Bedchamber Woman at that time. But the Duchess did not seem to heed the buzz and scandal. She was satisfied with her Auchterlony, and it was well known that her first marriage had not been one of love.

Those who accepted the marriage most amiably were her many sons and daughters. To be sure, they knew Auchterlony, who had been tutor to the elder sons, and they loved him only less well than their mother. Never, indeed, was such a step-father—so tender, so prudent in counsel, so careful and virtuous, such a guide for the young.

There were two little girls born of the second marriage, and it may be imagined they found themselves in a very different position from the lords and ladies, their half-brothers and sisters.

Not that they ever discovered it. They were beautiful little creatures, and from the beginning they were the pets and playthings of the others. The Duchess did not seem to know of the Queen's anger and its appeasement. Having married Auchterlony, she showed her excellent good sense by retiring with him into a happy privacy of life.

She lived with her children around her for the greater part of the year on Lismany, the Duke's Irish estate, and Auchterlony with her. She had to emerge now and again from her retirement, to launch her elder daughters in Society, and presently to appear at their marriages, and then she showed herself as proud and splendid as ever.

But when, in course of time, all the Duke's children were settled in one way or another, she retired with her Auchterlony and her little girls to a small house within a hedge of sweet-brier, a present to her from her son the Duke, and busied herself there with the training of the two, who learned from her housewifely virtues and the accomplishments proper to ladies, while their father imparted to them more solid learning. If you go there now you may see the shell-house which the Duchess constructed in the grounds, and the bay-windows of her parlour which she caused to be inlaid with mother-of-pearl. Her wall-paintings of mythological subjects and ships in full sail have peeled from off the walls; her embroidered chairs have been scattered. Her famous conserve of rose-leaves, her simples, her washes, are only remembered in the diaries of some who visited her there.

It was a fragrant, wholesome, honest country-life that the Duchess had there with her Auchterlony and her girls. And the children grew up fresh as milkmaids, with country dew upon their scarlet lips and grey eyes, with wildly curling little heads of dark hair, with country roses in their cheeks and the walk of Flora's self, with voices sweet as the blackbird's own.

It was whispered among the Duchess's friends that she was very desirous of making good matches for her girls. She had an odd sense of having wrought them some injustice, since their brothers and sisters were persons of great consideration, and they only of any consideration so long as she lived.

Before the little ladies were generally seen it was rumoured about

that Mr. Brummel had peeped at them and had declared them goddesses in miniature; and Mr. Brummel's judgment was enough for the Wells.

The two little ladies were named Bride and Lydia, and were known as Mrs. Biddy and Mrs. Lyddy. They were so like that they were hardly to be distinguished apart by those who did not know them very well.

But once you knew them you saw a difference. Mrs. Biddy, the elder by fifteen months, had a spirit and fire in her eye and her glance which Mrs. Lyddy had not. She was also the taller by half-a-head, although that gave her no great height. Mrs. Lyddy was the graver, the more retiring of the two; and it may be said at this point that Mrs. Lyddy gratified the Duchess and satisfied her own heart by wedding within the year Lord Arden, a quiet country-gentleman, devoted to his tenants and his bees and his country life, who never went to town, and with him and their children led a life of pastoral peace and security.

"My poor Biddy!" the Duchess said to Lady Louisa on Mrs. Lyddy's wedding-day. "If but my Biddy were as well settled as my Lyddy I should have nothing left to wish for but their babies. I should go back to my Hermitage and inlay my parlour furniture with the new Eastern work, while Auchterlony finished his translation of the Georgics."

"I hear Lord Henry is bewitched," said Lady Louisa, in a whisper. "Oh, my dear sister, what a triumph that would be! So handsome, so virtuous, such talent! They say Mr. Pitt will not rest till he has him in the Ministry."

"It would be an odd thing if that match were to come to pass," the Duchess said, also in a whisper. "His mother detests me. They say she will have him marry money, and that she destines him for the plain-looking great heiress whom she is never seen without. I wonder if my Biddy's little face will tell against the guineas?"

The Wells wondered over the same thing. For the matter of that, the speculation reached the town, and there were bets at White's and Almack's as to whether Miss Fenn and her guineas or Mrs. Biddy with her face for fortune would carry off Lord Henry.

That day of Mrs. Lyddy's wedding everyone was a witness to Lord Henry's infatuation. He hung over Mrs. Biddy; he had no eyes for any but her; in the sacred edifice, where respect restrained him, he yet could not keep his eyes from her beautiful little face. Mrs. Biddy was like a red damask rose. Her petticoat was of pink silk with threads of silver, worn over a great hoop. Her sacque was of pink damask. She had a great feathered hat of pink velvet; her pink satin shoes had diamond buckles upon them.

That day, Lord Henry reached the height of his infatuation; and, if he had no eyes for any but Mrs. Biddy, it was evident to all that Mrs. Biddy had no eyes for any but him. The thing was as good as settled, everyone declared. He had spoken; he had not spoken—public opinion was divided on this point. But, if he had not spoken, then he would do it very soon. It was quite obvious that such ardour as his would not long be restrained from making the beloved object its own. Mr. Brummel brought such a tale to London that Mr. Ancaster laid the Earl of Peel a thousand guineas on Mrs. Biddy's marriage to Lord Henry within three months.

Meanwhile, what was the old Duchess of Mull doing? Was she so occupied with her Methodist friends in her Scottish castle that she had not heard of her younger son's infatuation? All her heart and hopes were in Lord Henry since his brother, the Duke, had married a Frenchwoman of the playhouse.

"I wish it were done," the Duchess of Fraunt confided to her sister-in-law, the sentimental and susceptible Lady Louisa. "Till it is done, I confess I am afraid of the old woman. We were never friends, and even Mr. Wesley will not have brought her to the point of forgiving me. I shall amaze you, Louisa, with my confession; but I think less of the bridegroom's fortune and his dazzling future than of my Biddy's heart. If Biddy's heart were to be broken, I could not forgive myself that I had ever left the peaceful shades of Hermitage."

"I wonder why he delays to speak?" Lady Louisa said, musingly.

"It is what I fear that he will not speak till he has his mother's blessing. She will not bless his marriage with a child of mine, far less my Biddy, who is not the child of a Dukedom, but only the child of much love. I am terribly afraid, Louisa."

"When she finds that his heart is engaged . . ."

"You do not know Janet Mull. And she has great power over him."

"I never saw a man so much in love."

"If only he would speak!"

There was silence in the room for a few minutes after the Duchess's sigh had expired in air. Then Lady Louisa, who was easily distracted, asked, with lively interest—

"Who was the gallant that hid himself behind the third pillar of the aisle, and from time to time sent melting glances towards our Biddy? He, too, was a lover for all the world to see."

The Duchess frowned impatiently.

"How should I know? They are all in love with Biddy. I dare not let her walk to take the waters, and her chair is mobbed if but she moves down the street. I confess I wish their admiration were quieter. I don't care to have my girl a raree-show."

"This was a young gentleman in a chocolate suit with lace ruffles, very simple, wearing his own brown curls, plain in the face but not undistinguished. Not to be looked at in the same day with Lord Henry, but interesting, I thought."

The Duchess considered.

"I think I know whom you mean. Where Biddy is, he is never far off. Apart from that, he shows no signs of being a lover. He is noticeable for that he is always in the background. Some plain gentleman: he would not dare lift his eyes to my Biddy."

The next day Lord Henry was gone, without a farewell visit even, and the Duchess, the proudest woman in the three kingdoms, shed tears alone with the sympathising Lady Louisa.

"It is as I feared," she said. "His filial affection has sent him back to ask his mother's blessing. It will be withheld, and my girl's heart will be broken. Oh, unhappy that I am, why did I ever take her from my dear rustical Hermitage?"

But Lady Louisa would not believe that the love-idyll must end so sadly. She was always optimistic—a shallow, tender creature; and her heart had been caught by Lord Henry as he appeared at the wedding in a peach-coloured brocade, with silk stockings and shoes with scarlet heels to them, his handsome, fresh-coloured face and black eyes dazzling by contrast with his powdered head. She would not believe that anything so beautiful could be faithless to Love.

However, the days passed and grew to weeks, and Lord Henry did not return. As the time lengthened, and it became evident that he was not going to return, a good many curious eyes watched the Duchess and Mrs. Biddy. From the Duchess's aspect malice won no satisfaction. She was prouder than ever, if that were possible. When she relaxed, it was only with her sister-in-law, or in her letters to Mr. Auchterlony, or, most of all, when in solitude and on her knees, for she was a religious woman, although she had not come under the spell of Mr. Wesley.

In Mrs. Biddy the curious eyes saw only an enhanced beauty. Her colour was brighter than of old, her eyes more sparkling. She learned to laugh and talk like a fashionable lady, and said witty things, which were carried from one to another. She wore the most killing airs and graces, and dazzled wherever she went. If anyone missed the exquisite little milkmaid in the fine lady he would have been hard

to please. Only her mother wept, when alone, or to the ears of the faithful Lady Louisa.

They had need for all their courage, for one day the news came to the Wells that Lord Henry had married the heiress, Miss Angel Fenn.

The Duchess was distracted, did not know how to tell Mrs. Biddy, and yet was terrified that anyone should tell but herself.

"Your father is lonely at Hermitage," she said, clenching her hands inside her muff till the nails bit in the flesh. "Let us go home to him, Biddy."

For a second a look came into Mrs. Biddy's little face, a look of dead-tiredness—the dead-tiredness of one who looks on rest; then it passed so quickly that the Duchess could not be sure it had ever been there.

"La!" she said. "I have made enough engagements to keep me a month."

"I am tired of the Wells," said the Duchess, "and Lyddy longs to show us her house and her dairy, her garden and bees, her orangery and rose-garden, and all her thousand delights. Let us set off to-morrow."

Then Mrs. Biddy turned and looked at her mother, and all her roses died.

"He is married," she said, in a dying voice. "Have I not known it all the time?"

Yet, when the first transports of her grief were over, she would not hear of returning to Hermitage, nor of going to her sister.

"Shall they say he has broken my heart," she asked, "even though he has broken it?"

And then she disengaged herself from her mother's compassionate arms and went and looked at herself in the glass.

"La, what a fright!" she said. "I see I shall have to rouge to-night."

"You are not going to the Assembly to-night, child!"

"I am going, and you are going. Don't you see that we must show ourselves, dearest of mothers? I shall dance, I shall laugh, I shall be gayest of the gay. None shall dare pity me. That is a thing that I could not endure from anyone but you. You alone will know that your Biddy is heart-broken."

That night Mrs. Biddy was lovelier than ever. She was the belle of the Assembly, and drew all the beaux about her to feast on

her beauty and delight in her sallies, while the other beauties sat and whispered to each other behind their fans.

"She has great spirit," said Lady Louisa.

"She is heroic," said the Duchess.

For only she knew the dead-tired little girl who was put to bed every night when the rouge was washed off and all the watching eyes were gone.

"She is heroic," she said. "But it is more than human nature can endure for long. She shall return with me to Hermitage, or we will go to Lyddy, who clamours for us, before the month is out."

She had gained Mrs. Biddy's consent to leave the Wells—"Never speak to me of the place again, my dearest mother," said the heroine while the mother folded her in bed—when a worse thing happened.

One night, Mrs. Biddy was playing at ombre in the card-rooms—she had pretended to assume the vices of the fine ladies the better to play her part—when she looked up, and saw across the light of the four wax candles her faithless lover looking at her. By his side was a lady in yellow brocade, with a powdered head and patches on her



[DRAWN BY W. D. ALMOND.]

"Who was the gallant that hid himself behind the third pillar of the aisle, and from time to time sent melting glances towards our Biddy? He, too, was a lover for all the world to see."

"MRS. BIDDY."

cheeks. There were diamonds in her hat of brown velvet, and her stomacher of the same precious stones was dazzling to look upon. She was handsome enough—they had been less than just who had called her plain—except for the line of hair on her upper lip, which somewhat marred her.

For a second Mrs. Biddy looked at her old lover, who was yet her lover if his impassioned and miserable face spoke truly. All her world seemed to sway about her. The candles moved up and down. There was a roar of many voices in Mrs. Biddy's ears. Then she suddenly fell to one side, like a little, crushed poppy in her scarlet sacque.

There was a commotion about her. The bride and bridegroom had disappeared. Lady Louisa, who had been watching Mrs. Biddy from a settee by the wall, ran up wringing her hands. A foolish, chattering, helpless crowd surged about the ombre-tables.

Suddenly into the commotion stepped someone. By this time Lady Louisa had grown used to his attendance wherever Mrs. Biddy might be. She had noticed him from her settee in the shadow of the doorway, a sober yet elegant figure in a pearl-grey suit. It was the young gentleman she had observed in the church the day of Mrs. Lyddy's marriage.

With an air of command, he swept the crowd to one side and reached the fainting girl. Stooping with the utmost gentleness, he lifted her in his arms, holding her little head against his breast as a tender mother might hold her child's. He recognised Lady Louisa, who came up to him, weeping.

"I have a coach at hand," he said. "She only wants fresh air and to be free of this crowd. Come with me."

By this time the Duchess had heard, and came running up, very pale but possessed, unlike Lady Louisa, whose eyes were fluttering and her breast heaving as though hysterics were not far off.

"My coach is waiting, your Grace," he said. "You shall be driven to your lodgings. Meanwhile, I will find a physician."

Outside the Assembly Rooms they found the coach, a plain and modest equipage. By this time Mrs. Biddy was coming to. He laid her in the coach in her mother's arms, and, with his head uncovered, watched the coach drive off.

A little later a physician arrived at the Duchess's lodgings in the Pantiles. Mrs. Biddy was by this time quite recovered from her faint, but very pale and quiet.

"The Wells must suffer eclipse," the physician said; "she has been shining too persistently. Take her to the country, your Grace. Let her sleep round the clock and feed on sweet milk and new-laid eggs. Let her forget the cards and the dance and the lovers."

They were on their way to Arden Place next morning before the Wells was astir. The young gentleman who had rendered them such services was turned away from the door when he presented himself as early as might be to inquire for Mrs. Biddy.

"He took too much on himself for a plain gentleman," the Duchess said to Lady Louisa. "Did you see how he held her?"

"As a lover might."

"Since he is no lover for my girl, 'tis as well that we go so uncivilly."

At first, Mrs. Biddy showed like a white rose among the woods and vales of Arden, and made attempts at gaiety that were sorrier to those that loved her than if she had been content to be sad. At first, it seemed as though the spring of her young life had been broken; but little by little she came to herself. With a shamed surprise, she found herself laughing one day with the old gaiety. She found herself delighted with the songs of the birds and the spring freshness of the woods. Spring brought an heir to Arden, and, holding Lyddy's precious son in her arms when he was a month old, Mrs. Biddy was conscious of a change within herself.

"Why," she said, "it is worth and kindness, truth and honesty, that are worth loving. What is a handsome face when the heart is poor and inconstant?"

"I have been waiting for you to say as much, Biddy," said her sister, "before speaking to you of a true heart that loves you."

"There was such a one at the Wells," said Mrs. Biddy, dreamily. "He went everywhere with me, and once I dreamt that I lay upon his heart. I do not know his name or his station. But I saw him even when the other filled my eyes and heart the most. I think I could have loved him."

Someone came into the room while she spoke, and, looking up, Mrs. Biddy saw him who was in her thoughts at the moment.

"If but you spoke of me, sweetest Mrs. Biddy," he said, in a tremulous voice.

Then Lady Arden took up her sleeping baby and carried him back to his nurse. Having left him, she went and knocked at her mother's door. The Duchess was writing to Mr. Auchterlony, promising that soon they would return home.

"I must show Biddy in St. James's," she wrote; "she is lovelier than ever, and the Queen has written me a letter. Would I stay away from you only for my duty to our girl?"

Lady Arden came in and stood beside her, flushed and happy.

"You remember the gentleman at the Wells to whom you behaved so unmannerly?" she said. "It was not like you, my dearest mother."

"He held Biddy in his arms . . ."

"He holds her there now. She seems well inclined to stay there. He is our neighbour, Earl Fenton. His tastes are as quiet as Arden's own, although more of books and pictures. And he would be married for himself, not for his title and estates. So he went to the Wells as a plain country-gentleman."

"He is a greater match than Lord Henry," said the Duchess, with solemn thanksgiving, "and now I can give up St. James's and go back to your poor, noble-hearted, patient father. I shall see the roses blow at Hermitage this year. And Janet Mull will die of spleen."



The seven glens of Antrim, you'll count them as you go,
And the fairest of the seven glens, as Antrim lovers know,
Has a well of holy water in its silver birches' span,
And the honeysuckle curtains all the hedges of Glen Ann.

Who walks beneath the moonshine in Glen Ann will surely see
A fairy woman laughing from every rowan-tree;
Who walks beneath the sunlight with mortal colleen there
Will always find her faithful and always see her fair.

There's lucky clover growing in its grass for you to find,
The dust that blows about it will neither sting nor blind;
You'd hardly find a thorn there, though the gorses overran:
Och! the sweetest place in Antrim is the valley of Glen Ann.



CINDERELLA.
DRAWN BY R. C. CARTER.

TALLY-HO!!! OR THE TRAGIC STORY OF 'A HORN' IN 2 ACTS.



Act I

JOLLY HUNTSMAN :- " I'VE JUST HAD AN ACCIDENT WITH THIS HORN DO YOU THINK YOU CAN PUT IT STRAIGHT FOR ME ? "

" WHY YES SIR. "

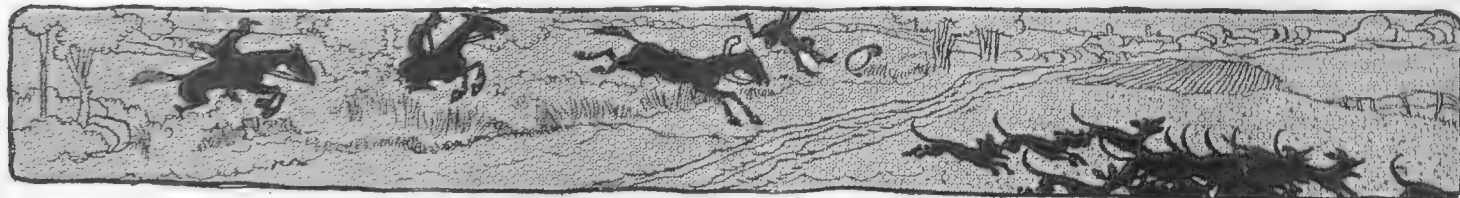


ACT II.

HALF AN HOUR LATER

" THIS IS ABOUT AS STRAIGHT AS I CAN GET IT, MISTER ! "

Have Bull





HEARD IN THE GREEN-ROOM



BY the time these lines appear in print all but one of this season's heavy crop of fairy-plays will have been displayed in the Metropolitan theatrical windows. Londoners will then be waiting only for the twenty-seven suburban pantomimes, the Court's two fairy-plays, the gorgeous, elephant-laden, Christmas aquatic spectacle at the London Hippodrome, and Mr. Arthur Collins's "Humpty-Dumpty" at Drury Lane. Among strange features to be found in the last-named venture will be some eccentric and, it is hoped, useful warnings from a solemn specimen of fairy arboriculture called "The Tree of Truth," a marvellous Coral Palace, four wonderful wedding-processions, and a game of living "Bridge," played by a group of popular comedians headed by Dan Leno, whom I found heartily enjoying the Hippodrome's elephants' rehearsal just before I penned these lines.

Of course, the next important production to arouse interest—certainly the most interesting venture of the holiday's purely dramatic season—will be "The Darling of the Gods." This Japanese tragedy, written by Dave Belasco and Mr. Luther Long, will be presented by Mr. Tree next Monday, the 28th inst. Mr. Tree has arranged to provide the finest cast and the most magnificent *mise-en-scène* that money and incessant labour and care can secure. Of the cast it is enough to say that Mr. Basil Gill plays the hero, Kara, whom love for the fascinating Yo San (enacted by Miss Lena Ashwell) leads into such a woeful tangle—amatory, domestic, social, and political—that he becomes an easy prey to the terrible War Minister, Zak Kuri, impersonated by Mr. Tree.

Apart from the fact that an English-made travestie of "The Darling of the Gods" is already being prepared—even as there was, month's ago, an American-made one—several other Japanese plays may be expected in London early in the New Year. One of these is by Mr. W. Carlton Dawe, the well-known Australian poet and novelist long resident in London.

I learn that Miss Kitty Loftus will, immediately after the run of certain Christmas shows, bring to London Mr. Frank Stayton's new comedy, "A Maid from School," which she recently tried at Folkestone.

One of the earliest new plays of the New Year will be the "Ruy Blas" drama which Mr. John Davidson has prepared for Mr. Lewis Waller. Mr. Waller, however, may not want this play till the middle or the end of January. The drama is at present called "A Queen's Romance," but I understand that the title will be altered.

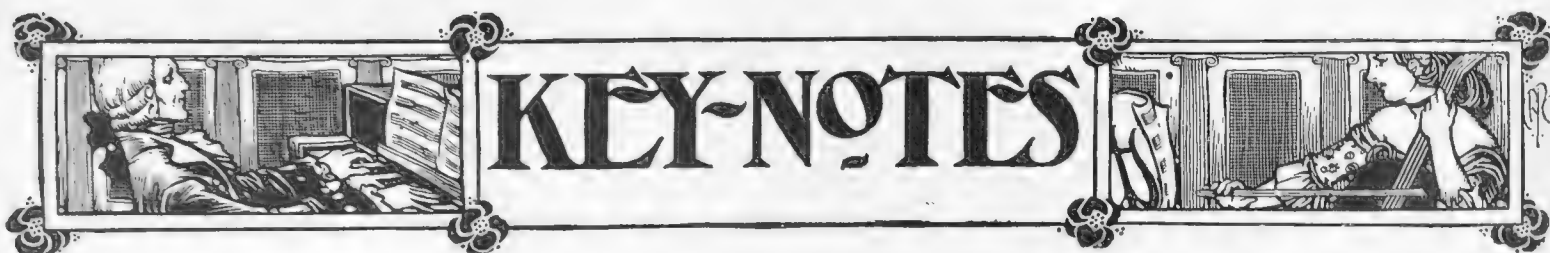
The London Choral Society is, without any question, a Musical Association which takes itself so seriously as to be worthy of attention. At the Queen's Hall, a few nights ago, Mr. Arthur Fagge conducted a performance given by that organisation. "Elijah" was the work selected for the occasion. Mr. Ffrangcon-Davies took the name-part of the Oratorio; Madame de Vere took the soprano part with a good deal of distinction. Mr. Fagge's conducting was obviously modelled upon that of Mr. Henry Wood, with the natural eventuality that he secured from his forces really successful results. "Elijah," as Wagner once remarked, indeed is one of those extraordinary and popular compositions which seem ever to make success, no matter who the soloists may be.

There is no question but that the Royal College of Music does extremely good work. The Pupils' Concert last week showed at every point that serious work had been accomplished and that every detail had been most carefully considered. Miss Mary Harrison, who played Bach's Concerto, accompanied by strings, for the Violin (in E), seems to have been the central point of attraction of the concert. Undoubtedly she played well, but she is by no means as yet an artist, in the right sense of the term; chiefly, she may be regarded as a very favoured, a rightly favoured, pupil of this or that Professor who is naturally desirous to turn out players of exceptional merit. Her bowing is strong and fine; her technique has obviously been directed into an excellent groove; but it will be some time, one rather imagines, before she can be accepted as one among the somewhat overwhelming army of those who are now reckoned as musical prodigies.



MISS SYBIL ARUNDALE, ENGAGED AS LEADING LADY FOR THE NEW PIECE AT DALY'S. MISS ARUNDALE WILL PLAY THE PART OF A CINGALESE GIRL.

Photograph by Foulsham and Banfield.



THE modern world seems to find it rather difficult to make up its mind as to the Symphony which stands at the highest point of Tschaikowsky's musical art. For a long time, as we all know, the Sixth, which is now known as the "Pathetic" Symphony, was regarded as his greatest achievement in symphonic work; then there came certain critics who claimed that the Fifth was undoubtedly a greater work than the Sixth; and now there are some who inform us that, compared to the Fifth and the Sixth, the Fourth is by far the superior. In a short time we shall be hearing that the early songs of Tschaikowsky, composed at the very outset of his musical career, are superior to all his later development in polyphony. The fact remains, however, that the great Sixth Symphony has never by him been surpassed; and, indeed, no better judge could be called to decide than the fact of its posthumous popularity. It is extremely difficult to adjust into their right places the musical

Orchestra, of course, accompanying her pianoforte interpretation) with energy and with a good deal of distinction. Any comparison of Grieg to Madame Carreño is one which it would be difficult to take very seriously. Grieg is essentially a delicate and, as one may call it, a national artist. Madame Carreño is essentially virile in her outlook upon music. More need not be said.

Professor Johann Kruse continues bravely to pursue his scheme towards popularising the Monday Popular Concerts at St. James's Hall. He engaged for his last concert Miss Marie Hall, Miss Muriel Foster, and Mr. Donald Francis Tovey. Miss Marie Hall played with that distinct sense of intimacy with the instrument of her choice which seems to have made for her general popularity. At the same time, one cannot altogether praise her for any great breadth of tone. She strikes one very often as possessing a somewhat thin and



HERR WILHELM BACKHAUS (PIANIST).



MR. FRANCIS MACMILLEN (VIOLINIST).

ART IN PHOTOGRAPHY: TWO DISTINGUISHED MUSICIANS.

Photographs by Histed.

processes of Tschaikowsky's mind; whether he developed artistically or whether he merely wandered in the trend of a modern musical world-feeling are problems that at the present moment it is impossible to solve. At any rate, his last Symphony created the greatest sensation in the records of modern music, while his earlier symphonies are rapidly catching up to the same sort of effectiveness. There is, however, this difference, that, by degrees, his music is losing its modern feeling, and that, although the greatness of his art remains, there is a serious difficulty at present in assigning the right proportion of merit between earlier and later works.

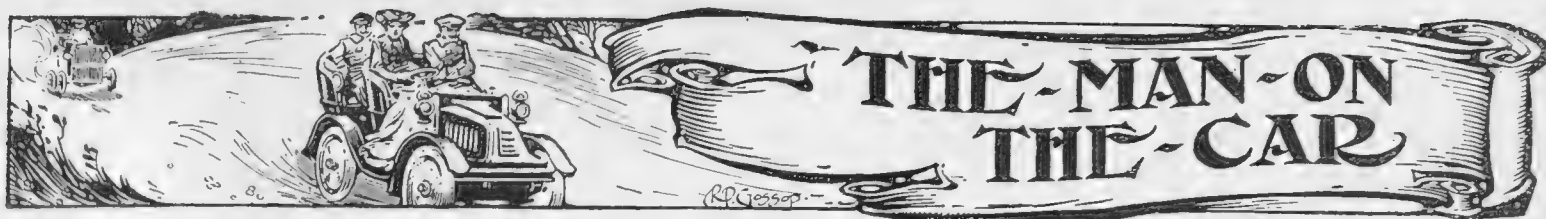
Mr. Henry Wood, who, to our mind, not only understands Tschaikowsky to an extreme degree, but who also is a musician embodying modern musical feeling and modern musical sentiment, probably knows the meaning of Tschaikowsky better than any conductor with whose work we are acquainted. His interpretation of the Fourth Symphony at the Queen's Hall, a few days ago, showed how wonderfully sympathetic his attitude is towards this wonderful composer. At the same concert, Madame Schumann-Heink sang an Air from Mozart's "La Clemenza di Tito" with a singular artistic sense of that great composer's meaning, and with a really fine vocal accomplishment. Madame Carreño played Grieg's Concerto in A Minor (the

incomplete mastery over her instrument. No one can deny to her the extraordinary accomplishment and the splendid technique which she has built up for herself; but it is still possible to question the value of her artistic temperament.

COMMON CHORD.

Herr Wilhelm Backhaus is so well known to London audiences that little need be said of his abilities as a pianist. At the Crystal Palace Concerts and many others he has delighted lovers of music by the brilliancy of his playing, while at the last Chappell Ballad Concert, at Queen's Hall, a few days ago, where he was one among a galaxy of vocal and instrumental "stars," his rendering of pieces by Chopin and Liszt formed one of the features of the afternoon.

Among the many young violinists who have made their debut here in recent times, few have achieved greater success at a first appearance than Mr. Francis Macmillen, who on that occasion had the great advantage of being assisted by the Queen's Hall Orchestra, under the leadership of Mr. Henry Wood. Since then, Mr. Macmillen has gained the approval of the critics not only by his mastery of technique, but also for the sweet and sympathetic quality of his tone. A pupil of César Thomson, he won every distinction a student can win at the Brussels Conservatoire, and, as he is a very young man, he should in time win a great position for himself.



Motor Exhibition in Paris—Improvements in Building—Choice of a Car.

THE Salon d'Automobiles in the Grand Palais on the Champs-Élysées is now in full swing, and, throughout, does infinite credit to the organising, managerial, and mechanical instincts of the able people responsible for it and for everything in it. At one time, folks flocked perforce to the stand upon which were exhibited the well-known Panhard cars, but to-day this great French house has to share honours, if it does not quite pass the palm to other firms. The wonderfully and beautifully finished Bayard chassis, the cars of Charron, Girardot, and Voigt, the carriages of Decauville, Darracq, and the Cannstadt Daimler houses share if they do not monopolise public attention. Slowly but surely, however, the English-built automobile is raising its head among its foreign competitors, for the foreigner with an eye for sound and serious work is found lingering around the stands upon which are staged the Napier and the Wolseley exhibits. In a regretfully remote portion of the Exhibition I discovered an example of the Sunbeam Oil-bath Chain-case which excited so much interest at the late National Show at the Crystal Palace. In this matter, Messrs. J. Marston, of Wolverhampton, have, at least, stepped in where French makers feared to tread, and that none too soon.

The French automobilist has evidently a considerable preference for the covered car—covered, that is, so far as the tonneau or the rear-seat of the double phaeton is concerned. The protection of the front-seat is still confined to the forward-canopy glass shield between that and the dash-board, and side-curtains, although the latter can never be drawn when the car is being used on the streets of a busy city. Special efforts are made by the leading body-builders at the Salon to afford access to the rear portion of the vehicle without disturbing the occupants of the front-seat, but in most cases this is achieved only by a considerable increase of the wheel-base, some that I saw running to 10 ft. 6 in. and more, so that this, with the corresponding end overhang, would almost put such vehicles out of court for use in London or on very narrow roads. Several ingenious methods of

sliding or swinging the front-seat to give access from the side to the back of the car were shown, and with such designs no abnormal wheel-base is necessary.

Intending car-purchasers may obtain excellent direction from the study of the awards, summary of marks, and analysis of the late One Thousand Miles' Reliability Trials published last week; but, if they have a fancy for any particular make of car, they should not turn against that car solely because the particular example of its tribe did not do quite so well as others in these trials. True, the report generally may be taken as a guide, but if the "High Flier" car, though preferred by the intending purchaser, is found to be a number of marks behind another of its type, the analysis, with its appendices, should be carefully studied to discover the exact reason of the shortage. For instance, many of the cars will be found to have lost marks for tyre-troubles, which come to the best as well as to the worst, a loose nut or two, ignition-plug changing, all matters entirely negligible so far as mechanical perfection is concerned. Nor do I think the Trials' results should be taken as sole guide by the uninitiated, for there are one or two cars which have come through with a fine total of marks, but which I should hesitate to recommend even to mine enemy. I would advise that choice of a car, if made from the Trials' results, should be made through the discrimination of a practised expert with knowledge of the constructional history of the vehicles concerned.

It is certain that a larger number of ladies would be found behind the steering-wheels of petrol-propelled automobiles if the work of de-clutching and holding out the clutch was less strenuous. When coasting a long hill, the strain of keeping up the pressure necessary to obviate the engagement of the friction-cones is found quite severe enough at times even by the stronger animal, man, and therefore I marvel that some simple device has not been produced which would take the strain off the leg during long descents.



THE GREAT AUTOMOBILE SHOW IN PARIS: GENERAL VIEW OF THE STANDS.

Photograph by Branger and Co., Paris.

THE WORLD OF SPORT

Headquarters—Boxing Day—The Classics.

MANY owners think that the Stewards of the Jockey Club should do away with the training-tax at Newmarket. It is hard lines on owners who train at the Headquarters of the Turf to be charged seven pounds per annum each for the privilege of using the gallops. True, all the training-tracks have to be kept in order, and this entails a great deal of expense, but I am not sure that it would not pay the townspeople of Newmarket to defray the cost just for the good of trade. In dry seasons, I believe, the going at Newmarket is fairly sound, but I am certain there are many better places for training in a season like the one we have just experienced. The going on Salisbury Plain, for instance, could not be affected by storm or

fixture confined to one day, and I think they should have been given the Monday as well. Racecourse officials own that one-day meetings do not pay, as a rule, although an exception occurs in the case of Bank Holidays. It is too much to expect refreshment contractors to provide for one day only, while it is a great tax on the Post Office officials to fix their telegraphic instruments for a single afternoon's racing. The railway companies and racecourse companies pay out almost as much in advertising a one-day meeting as they would have to for a two-day fixture, and, as the expenses rarely come out of the pockets of the public, it behoves the Turf Senators to reduce these to a minimum in these hard times.

Braund.

Fielder.

Relf.
R. E. Foster.Arnold.
Hirst.Rhodes.
Strudwick.Hayward.
Knight.

Lilley.



Tyldesley.

P. F. Warner.

B. J. T. Bosanquet.

P. F. WARNER'S TEAM ON THE WAY TO AUSTRALIA.

FROM A PHOTOGRAPH TAKEN ON BOARD THE R.M.S. "ORONTES" AND SUPPLIED EXCLUSIVELY TO "THE SKETCH." (SEE "THE MERE MAN.")

tempest, and the same remark applies to the gallops at Manton and Beckhampton. Too much wet does not improve the going at Kingsclere, and I believe Robinson has experienced a rough time of it at Foxhill. I am certain the old gallops used by William Day at Woodyates are among the best to be found in this country, while those at Findon and at Arundel would require a lot of beating. Again, the downs at Stockbridge are healthy, and the going at Lambourn—that is, on the hills—is generally good. Of course, it would be unfair to judge the gallops on the present season's record, but I do think some of the country training-centres are better than Newmarket.

It does not often happen that only one race-meeting is fixed for Boxing Day, yet the sole fixture for the next Bank Holiday is a one-day meeting to be held at Kempton Park. Owing to the Boxing Day falling on a Saturday, the country fixtures are set to commence on the following Monday, but this would not meet the views of Londoners, many of whom like to spend their holiday at a race-meeting. At the same time, it is hard lines on the Kempton Management to have their

St. Amant is practically first-favourite for the Derby, with Henry the First inquired after. His Majesty the King has five horses left in the race. These are Plinlimmon, Ortolan, Penchant, St. Anselm, and Chatsworth, but I am afraid there is not a good one among the lot. Of course, M. Blanc's pair, Gouvernant and Ajax, will have to be reckoned with, and both are said to be smart. Bobrinski and Lancashire are also said to be smart two-year-olds. I cannot hear of a good two-year-old at Kingsclere. At present, my opinion is that the race will be won by St. Amant. Those people who are backing Pretty Polly to win the treble event—the One Thousand Guineas, the Oaks, and the St. Leger—have to take a deal on trust, and they should remember that fillies do not always last in their work so long as colts, as instance the cases of Quintessence and Our Lassie, both good fillies, by-the-bye, when at their best, but now no longer of any use for racing purposes. My own opinion is that Pretty Polly is a second Sceptre, if not a better than Mr. W. Bass's filly; but the exigencies of training always have to be faced, and it is a far cry to the St. Leger. I should prefer to wait and back her on the day.

CAPTAIN COE.

OUR LADIES' PAGES.

THERE are many good folk who would like to get or give jewellery at Christmas, but find their expansive tastes brought to a full-stop by the uncomfortable reflection that jewellery is expensive. So it is, as a rule; but prices and values vary. In Holborn, for instance, where humanity wears its practical rather than

purchase at Godwin's very surprising things—chased silver toilet-brushes, good-sized boxes, silver cigarette-tubes with gold-mounted amber holder, silver-mounted cut-glass toilet-bottles, and others unendingly. Some specially designed toilet-sets in silver are noticeably handsome, one, called the "Queen Eleanor" design, being artistically good. Many of Godwin's new pendants in hand-carved gold with inlaid jewels are charming exceedingly, and there is a necklet of hammered gold, inset with Ceylon sapphire and amethyst, illustrated in the catalogue as a specimen of Godwin's exclusive novelties, which will compare favourably with the best traditions of hand-wrought gem-work.

Mrs. Pomeroy, of Old Bond Street fame, writes very appositely that, at this season of prickly holly-leaves and festive decoration generally, fair helpers at church embellishments will find the Pomeroy Skin Food neutralises very agreeably the wounds, abrasions, stabs, pricks, and thrusts which uncompromising holly-thorns make on their devoted fingers; also, while cheered in their scarifying labours by the soothing approval of the powers that be, a practical cure for their poetic pains can be purchased for a mere mundane three shillings at 29, Old Bond Street. In natural transition, the mention of holly introduces its inevitable accompaniments at the festal board in Tom Smith's crackers, which are this year more than ever amusing and original for the children and grown-ups alike. Any box bearing Tom Smith's familiar patronymic is, in fact, advisedly good and full of entertaining surprises. It would, indeed, be difficult to name anyone to-day who has diffused more innocent enjoyment throughout this murky winter kingdom than Tom Smith, with all his works and pomps and Christmas-crackers, which yearly grow in size, sentiment, skittishness, and what the schoolboy called "splendidity."

Following on the subject of crackers, I am advised by those who should know that whisky is a most seasonable topic of conversation, and in this connection, therefore—and also, let it, please, be well



[Copyright.]

A SUPERB COAT OF SEAL AND CHINCHILLA.

its poetic aspect, twelve pence are commonly given and expected for a shilling, and at Godwin and Son's, manufacturing goldsmiths, of 304, High Holborn, special opportunities are offered their customers of securing undeniably fine work at undeniably low prices. As appointed Goldsmiths to the Khedive, the quality of their workmanship receives its highest certificate, for in Egypt gem-work is a tradition, and in the new catalogue just issued by the firm will be found illustrations of diamond ornaments which, while being moderate in price, are of the highest excellence in their handicraft as well as in the quality of the stones. Repairs to clocks and watches and jewellery are another special feature, and skilled workmen are always available for this important though often neglected branch of the goldsmith's art. Re-mounting old jewels is another important branch of Messrs. Godwin's business, exclusive designs which cannot be obtained elsewhere being submitted to the customer who wishes to transmute some of her heavy, graceless, old-fashioned jewellery into things of lightness and delicate tracery. One of Godwin's many novelties is the "Calendar" watch, an ingenious contrivance which leaves the front-dial quite plain, as in ordinary watches, and reserves the back for showing the calendar mechanism. Of immense use a watch like this would be to the absent-minded many, who can thus see the time of day and the day itself at a glance. The cases are extremely good style and can be had in gold, silver, or steel. For quite inexpensive presents, the guinea jewellery will be found very accessible to the recipient's gratitude and not burdensome to the donor's pockets, an immense variety in bracelets, brooches, rings, and gold links for men being on view at that figure. In silver-ware also a guinea will



[Copyright.]

A CHARMING COMBINATION OF SABLE AND BROWN CLOTH.

understood, without any personal knowledge thereto—that Greenlees' Scotch whisky has a most wonderfully enlivening effect on Christmas gatherings and may be consumed in the most unreserved and confident manner without concealing a single headache up its sleeve. Greenlees Brothers are famous as being the first to popularise and domesticate, as it were, Scotch whisky in England. Their "Lorne" whisky is the admired of all connoisseurs; nor are consumers thereof less appreciative of the "Claymore" and "King Edward VII. Liqueur," a brand much patronised in Canada. The "G.B. Special" is another favourite, though where all are so good it is difficult to specialise.

Alliteration apart, it always seems to me—and many others, I have little doubt—that Elkington, in all that is connected with gold and silver ware, is merely another way of spelling "Excellence." To own a reputation for such solid worth as theirs in this city of solid merchants is to have achieved something very special indeed, and, though it be a trivial Christmas-present or a vast and costly memorial to a Crowned Head, the same conscientious workmanship and skilled manipulation are obviously given to both. In the daintily arranged catalogue which is issued by Messrs. Elkington for the present season, unique specimens of silver-ware in superior design are illustrated. Handsome wine and spirit bottles, syphon-stands in "bar-pierced" style and of Elkington Plate at £1 18s. only, the ever-useful breakfast-dish, with plain or chased cover, handsome Georgian hot-water jugs, Jacobean afternoon tea-services of charming plainness and outline, massive flower-bowls, "New Art" vases in chased silver, pepper-mills, spoon-warmer, cigar-lamps, silver-mounted pincushion-boxes, pierced silver pot-pourri boxes, silver-mounted salts-bottles, plain, solid, good clocks in many guises and disguises, and so on *ad infinitum*. Elkington's jewellery really should be seen by admirers of the beautiful and artistic. Jewels are grouped, strung, set, in exquisitely graceful designs, from the fairy-like pendant to the crown-like tiara or blazing stomacher. Quite smart and in good style is the more limited jewellery intended to grace the mere male. There are links, studs, pins, rings, and waistcoat-buttons in long array and excellent taste which will appeal and apply equally to the most restrained as well as to the most ornamental golden youth.

SYBIL.

Lovely weather has been enjoyed at Cannes just recently, and many visitors have arrived for the Christmas holidays. The International Tennis Tournament, which takes place during the Cannes "week," will be played on the courts of the Hôtel Métropole on March 18 and following days, at the conclusion of the Nice Meeting. Thomas Burke, the world's professional champion, is now attached to the courts, which, having been entirely relaid about a year ago, are in first-class condition and among the finest in Europe. The brothers Doherty and Mr. George Hillyard are expected to arrive at Cannes early in the New Year.

This handsome silver Challenge Shield was presented to the East London Royal Engineers by the late Colonel Whetherly, V.D., who worked so strenuously and devotedly in the interests of the regiment for many years. The shield will be competed for annually in the

inter-company engineering competition. The central design represents an episode in the late War, and the badge of the regiment surmounts the whole, which has been excellently carried out by Messrs. Hancock and Co., of Bruton Street, W.

The extraordinary success achieved by the "Craven" mixture—the "Arcadia" of Dr. J. M. Barrie's celebrated book, "My Lady Nicotine"—has led the proprietors, Messrs. Carreras, Limited, of 7, Wardour Street, W., to seek for Havana cigars of equally fine

CHALLENGE SHIELD PRESENTED TO THE
EAST LONDON ROYAL ENGINEERS.

quality and uniformity as their celebrated tobaccos. After careful search and exhaustive tests, Messrs. Carreras are now introducing to their customers their "Flor de Carreras" cigars, and desire to point out that, while light in colour, they possess what is known in the trade as "life." At present, four sizes only are being offered and the supply is somewhat limited.

CHRISTMAS RAILWAY ARRANGEMENTS.

THE SOUTH-EASTERN AND CHATHAM RAILWAY

announce that on Thursday, Dec. 24, third-class cheap return-tickets will be issued from London by certain trains before noon to Tunbridge Wells, St. Leonards, Canterbury, Whitstable, Herne Bay, Birchington, Westgate, Margate, Sandwich, Dover, Folkestone, Shorncliffe, Hythe, &c. These tickets will be available for the return journey from the 25th to 28th December inclusive. Week-end cheap tickets will be issued on the 25th, 26th, and 27th December as usual, but not available for return journey prior to Dec. 27. On Christmas Eve a fast late train will be run to Chatham, Whitstable, Herne Bay, Dover, &c., leaving Victoria at 12.25 midnight and Holborn 12.20 midnight. A similar train will also be run on Christmas Eve to Chislehurst, Sevenoaks, Tunbridge Wells, St. Leonards, &c., leaving Charing Cross at 12.55 midnight. Special cheap return-tickets will be issued from London to Marseilles and stations on the French Riviera, full particulars of which will be found in the holiday programme and bills.

THE GREAT CENTRAL RAILWAY COMPANY

have issued an A. B. C. Programme of their excursion arrangements for the Christmas and New Year Holidays from London (Marylebone), Woolwich, Greenwich, and Metropolitan Stations to all the principal towns in the Midlands, North of England, Scotland, and Ireland. The Guide contains complete information as to times of starting, fares, dates, and times of return, &c., for any station (alphabetically arranged), which can easily be seen at a glance. The facilities are very comprehensive, and the Programme may be commended to the attention of all those who contemplate travelling Northwards for the holidays. Copies may be had free on application.

THE LONDON AND SOUTH-WESTERN RAILWAY'S

attractive pictorial poster, "Home for Christmas," turns one's thoughts to the family-gathering under the parental roof, where a little respite from the turmoil and rush of city life may be enjoyed. Naturally, the next question raised is, How shall I get there? This is answered in cold, clear type, for, if your home lies in the neighbourhood of Devon, Cornwall, Somerset, Dorset, Hants, or Wilts, excursions will run to these parts from Waterloo, &c., full particulars of which are given in programme obtainable at all the Company's London agencies and stations.

THE LONDON AND NORTH-WESTERN COMPANY'S

ticket offices at Euston, Broad Street, Victoria (Pimlico), Kenington, and Willesden Junction are open throughout each day to Thursday, Dec. 24, inclusive, so that passengers wishing to obtain tickets can do so at any time of the day prior to the starting of the trains. Additional express trains will be run and special arrangements made in connection with passenger-trains for the holidays. The Company also announce cheap excursions on Wednesday, Dec. 23, to Dublin, Greenore, Belfast, and other places in Ireland; and to Abergele, Amlwch, Bangor, Bettws-y-Coed, Blackburn, Blackpool, the English Lake District, &c.; also on Thursday to Aberdovey, Abergavenny, Leamington, Northampton, North Staffordshire Company's Stations, Wrexham, &c.; and on Thursday night to Ashton, Carlisle, Liverpool, Manchester, Oldham, Warrington, &c. On New Year's Eve cheap trains will run to the North and Scotland.

THE GREAT NORTHERN RAILWAY COMPANY

will run cheap excursions from London (Woolwich Arsenal and Dockyard; Greenwich, S. E. and C.; Victoria, S. E. and C.; Ludgate Hill, Moorgate, Aldersgate, Farringdon, King's Cross, G. N., &c.) on Thursday, Dec. 24, for four or sixteen days, and Thursday, Dec. 31, for seven or sixteen days, to Northallerton, Darlington, Richmond, Durham, Newcastle, Berwick, Edinburgh, Glasgow, and other stations in Scotland; and on Thursday, Dec. 24, for three, four, five, or nine days, to Cambridge, Lynn, Norwich, Cromer, Yarmouth, and other principal stations in the Norfolk, Lincolnshire, Nottinghamshire, Derbyshire, Staffordshire, Lancashire, Yorkshire, and North-Eastern districts. Various other facilities are extended to holiday-makers.

THE GREAT WESTERN RAILWAY COMPANY

issue ordinary as well as excursion tickets at their City and West-End offices. Tickets can also be obtained at the suburban stations. Ordinary tickets obtained in London between now and Dec. 25 will be available for use on any day, including Christmas Day. Pamphlets containing full particulars of the Christmas excursions and week-end bookings may be had of the Company's divisional officers, station-masters, or town office agents. Numerous excursions will run from Paddington to Ireland, Wales, the Channel Islands, the West of England, the Midlands, &c.

THE MIDLAND RAILWAY COMPANY,

to prevent inconvenience and crowding, have arranged for the booking offices at St. Pancras and Moorgate Street Stations to be open for the issue of tickets all day during Christmas week. Tickets to all principal stations on the Midland Railway can be obtained beforehand at the Midland Company's City and suburban offices. The tickets obtained at these offices will be available from St. Pancras Station, and will be issued at the same fares as charged at that station and dated to suit the convenience of passengers. Cheap excursion-trains will be run from London (St. Pancras) and principal provincial stations to Ireland, the North, and Scotland.

CITY NOTES.

The Next Settlement begins on Dec. 28.

CHRISTMAS MARKETS.

WHILE the markets of Leadenhall Street present more attractive and, perhaps, even more speculative possibilities than those of the Stock Exchange, the latter are managing to keep their end up with an appearance of strength somewhat foreign to the season of the year. By all the laws of tradition the final fortnight of the twelvemonth should witness a hardening of the Money Market, and a consequent declension in Consols and those departments which are allied thereto. This year, however, the centre of attraction influencing the markets most greatly is the political position rather than the financial, and, in spite of the highly conflicting rumours with reference to the bellicose nations of the Far East, the House will be able to eat its Christmas-dinner with a certain amount of quietness of mind. Some unkind people, mostly outside the House, have gone so far as to say that a good many members will find themselves in the position of that classical knight who, on lifting the cover of his lordly dish, found himself confronted with a pair of spurs, as a wifely hint that the dinner remained to be provided by himself. Fortunately, within the last couple of months there has sprung up a revival in most of the Stock Exchange markets which has given members the opportunity of spending the festive season in an appropriate manner, although we overheard "The House Haunter" complaining the other day that, as he had done nothing and nobody for fully a fortnight, it is possible that someone, at least, may have to go short. Certain it is that the jewellers' and other shops in the neighbourhood of the Stock Exchange which depend largely on Christmas orders are, in many cases, doing less than is usual at this gift-giving time of year, and it is equally sure that the clerical staffs have the slackness of trade brought home to them unpleasantly in the diminished bonuses. But, taking it all round, things are not as bad as they might be, and a good deal of comfort can be got even out of that negative consolation.

INDUSTRIAL SHARES.

In consequence of the firmness developed by one or two sections of the Miscellaneous Market, a better feeling has sprung up amongst Industrial shares generally. Prices show a tendency to improve that cannot be ascribed wholly to the coming of the New Year dividends, and it is unquestionable that quiet investment-buying is going on on behalf of the smaller capitalist who does not mind taking some slight speculative risks in order to get 5 or 6 per cent. on his money. So far as the rise in American Brewery shares is concerned, we incline to the belief that it has gone far enough for the present, and those who bought the shares cheaply some time ago at our suggestion will probably have an opportunity of repurchasing more cheaply later on if they sell the shares now. The animation in Water stocks has aroused more interest of the academic than of the practical kind: few holders will sell at the present reduced prices, and few fresh buyers are likely to come along until more definite decisions are arrived at than that applying to the East London Company. On balance, a quiet appreciation in values seems probable in the Water stocks other than those of the New River Company. Another feature is being furnished by the speculation that has taken Hudson's Bay shares in hand, and in the market it is considered more

than likely that the New Year will see Bays advanced to 45. Besides the business that is being done in these especial stocks and shares, there is, as we have already said, a quiet investment demand for the less-advertised descriptions such as bodes well for prices in the near future.

OUR JOHANNESBURG LETTER.

The following letter dealing with the ore reserves of the Rand and their value is of great importance to the large class of persons who hold Kaffirs as a sort of speculative investment, out of which they hope to take good dividends for a few years, and then sell. So many correspondents ask as to the life of mines as if they were dealing with mathematical certainties, that we feel sure our correspondent's observations will be of use, and should be read with attention.

THE RAND'S ORE RESERVES.

There is reason to believe that a good deal of misconception exists with regard to the present position of the mines on the Witwatersrand, and it would be strange indeed if the bears, after such a terrific onslaught on the Share Market, had not succeeded in leaving false notions in the minds of many investors and speculators who do not go below the surface for their information. To take one point, that of ore reserves, there seems to be an idea abroad (one encounters it even here on the spot) that, owing to the scarcity of unskilled labour, the mines, as a rule, are eating into their development, and that it is only a question of time until, one after another, they will be obliged to suspend crushing.

Unpleasant incidents like the stoppage of the Knight's battery and the altered estimates of the Bonanza and New Heriot reserves have, no doubt, tended to confirm the popular suspicion that things are not as they ought to be, and that even where reserves exist their value is not to be depended on. The case of the Bonanza is particularly glaring. The Chairman suddenly announced, at the meeting in March last, that the reserves did not quite equal in value those in sight at the beginning of 1902; but, as no fresh ore was developed during 1902, and as the 93,000 tons crushed from development in that year gave a moderately low value, it is impossible to conceive how the difference in value between the one year and the next was spirited away. The Bonanza began the present year with 320,000 tons of developed ore, and, as it crushes only about 8000 tons a month, it is one of the few mines which, having enormous reserves, can afford to suspend development work for a time. Meanwhile, what used to be considered the richest mine on the Rand, showing a yield of well over £5 a ton, is now giving little over £3 a ton. One wonders whether in this and similar cases high values are only to be obtained by development more than keeping pace with the mill—in other words, whether large reserves carried over from year to year are not invariably somewhat in the position of the sucked orange.

In the case of the Simmer and Jack East we have no sucked orange, for the mine is a new one, not having milled a ton of

ore. It leaked out many months ago that development work was giving poor results, and now the directors frankly tell us that of the 600,000 tons developed only 240,000 tons are worth 10 dwt. The balance represents lower-grade ore, much of it unpayable under existing conditions. It is pathetic to see the Company paying such kindly attentions to unpayable ore, probably one-half of the total amount developed being too poor to yield a reasonable profit with a 100-stamp battery. In the circumstances, the directors have quite properly decided to increase the battery to 200 stamps, but the financial position of the Company will need to be straightened out in the first place.

It will be gathered that the question whether a mine's reserves are payable, and in what degree they are payable, is quite as important as their amount—whether there are one, two, or three years' supply for the mill. On this point directorial utterances are often beautifully vague. If a certain proportion of the ore is unpayable, it ought not to figure in the reserves at all, but it is to be feared this golden rule is not always followed. Now and again it has happened that the ore reserves of a mine have suddenly shrunk from a respectable total almost to the vanishing point by the directors, in a remorseful moment, resolving to write off all unpayable ore. And, conversely, in recent months we have seen a good many mines on the Witwatersrand write up their reserves. This has been done usually by the simple expedient of taking twelve cubic feet to the ton instead of thirteen cubic feet, the old measurement. The alteration, where it was made, was, no doubt, quite legitimate, being the outcome of increased experience, but its immediate effect was to enable the Geldenhuis Deep, for example, to show an increase on its reserves for 1902 of 126,717 tons, although the Company mined during the year 70,000 tons more than it developed. This Company began the



THE JOBBER'S CHRISTMAS DREAM (1903).

current year with almost exactly a million and a-half tons of ore, taking the ton (of 2000 lb.) at twelve cubic feet. Similarly, the Rose Deep, while mining 93,000 tons more than it developed, was yet able to show an increase on the year of 94,750 tons and to start the new year also with a million and a-half tons of ore reserves. Other mines were enabled to make a better show on paper by the same simple process.

The manipulation of reserves, it will be seen, affords a good deal of scope for jerry-mandering the simple-minded investor, but what this individual has most to complain of is not so much misleading information with regard to the amount of reserves as the withholding of information as to their value. On this point there is still much to be desired in the published statements of many Rand Companies. Curiously enough, the Randfontein has set an excellent example in publishing assays of its development, and I mention this fact all the more freely as the J. B. Robinson Companies have been singled out in these columns more than once as great sinners in the matter of withholding information. The East Rand Proprietary has always included in its monthly statements the assay results of its development work, and this ought to be the rule and not the exception.

Reference to the East Rand Proprietary recalls the fact that the various subsidiary Companies milled last year 226,000 tons and developed ore to the extent of 129,000 tons, showing a shortage on the year of close upon 100,000 tons. This experience of eating into reserves was the rule last year, when the labour scarcity was very acute. One notable exception was the Robinson Deep, which in its last financial year developed over 200,000 tons in excess of the amount crushed. The explanation of the increased energy put into development is that the mine was and still is being got ready for a larger battery. So also with the Roodepoort United, which showed a gain of over 30,000 tons in its reserves for 1902. On the whole, however, increases in ore reserves from the War period up to, say, the middle of the present year were comparatively insignificant, and were certainly far more than counterbalanced by the decreases.

In recent months—and this is the important matter for investors—the labour position has been less acute, and this has enabled the mines, while greatly increasing the output, to pay much more attention to development. The corner has, in fact, been turned, and many mines are now in the position of being able to add to their reserves from month to month, preparing for the good time coming. For instance, to begin with the East Rand group, the Driefontein since July has been adding steadily if slowly to its reserves. For the first six months of the year the reverse was the case. By the end of the year this mine will probably have 320,000 tons in reserve, within five or six thousand tons of the amount it commenced the year with, and this while running its full complement of 110 stamps. The Angelo, while running only 60 stamps, showed considerable decreases in its reserves up to August, but, of late, development work has been just about keeping pace with the mill, and the management evidently anticipate that things will go better instead of worse, for the number of stamps has been increased to 75. The Company began the year with fully 280,000 tons of reserves and at the moment it has close upon 260,000 tons—certainly too little for a mine equipped with 110 stamps and about to be increased to 200 stamps. The New Comet, in the same group, is merely developing six or eight thousand tons a month and is doing no milling. It has now half-a-million tons developed. The Cason has also half-a-million tons and is adding to this at the rate of less than 10,000 tons a month. It will be gathered that the East Rand group of Mines, which began the year with 1,622,351 tons of reserves, will add slightly to this on the year.

The important Rand Mines group will show a moderate decrease in its reserves for the year, but the corner has been turned at most of the individual mines, or is on the point of being turned. Where reserves are being eaten into, the matter is of no significance. The Geldenhuys Deep, for example, with a million and a-half tons, can afford to lose a few thousand tons from its reserves each month, although its record for the year has not been uniformly downhill in this respect. So also with the Rose Deep, which contrives almost to equalise matters each quarter. The Crown Deep showed rather poorly in its development work for the first six months of the year, but here also the corner would appear to have been turned, for the September quarter gives these figures: ore developed 67,191 tons, ore mined 64,967 tons. The Glen Deep has lost a little, so far, in the amount of its reserves, but this mine is in the unique position of being able to add a million tons to its reserves at a comparatively trifling cost. When this work has been completed, the Glen Deep will have 1,400,000 tons of ore developed, justifying the erection of additional stamps. The Ferreira Deep is adding substantially to its reserves every month, the policy of the Company being to bring up the total to 600,000 tons before the full battery is put to work. The Nourse Deep has over 500,000 tons of reserves and is now developing as much per month as the mill crushes, but the Jumpers Deep, also with half-a-million tons to fall back upon, is falling behind just a little. The Langlaagte Deep, one of the mines able to write up their reserves (in this case to 840,000 tons) at the beginning of the year by adopting a new measurement for the ton, has lost very little from month to month, while, like all the other mines of this group, it has materially increased its output. The Durban Deep is the least satisfactory mine in this respect in the group. Its reserves amount to only about 300,000 tons, and there has been a considerable shrinkage since Jan. 1, though here also the record of recent months shows a decided improvement in development work.

The instances given are fairly typical of the Rand as a whole. Labour, while still greatly short of requirements, has been ample to permit of a decided addition to stamping power in recent months, and also to increase development in the bulk of the mines. Where development work is being neglected, on mines like the Bonanza, Wemmer, Crown Reef, &c., it means that the existing reserves are sufficient to carry on the battery till better times dawn.

Friday, Dec. 18, 1903.

ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS.

Only letters on financial subjects to be addressed to the "City Editor, The Sketch Office, 198, Strand."

Our Correspondence Rules are published on the first Wednesday in each Month.

H. H.—Your questions are not capable of definite answers. The prospects of the mine are brilliant, but development is not sufficiently advanced to allow of dividend estimates. We do not suppose that the ore will average three ounces per ton, but, if so, the profit would be about £8 or £9 per ton, and the dividends must depend on the number of stamps. You had better hold on.

ANNA.—There is no need to be alarmed about the Waterworks arbitration. The East London award, which has been published since your letter was written, makes it pretty clear that the arbitrators are going to deal liberally with the Companies. Hold your stock.

H. P. B.—See this week's Notes.

QUERE.—The so-called bank would not be good enough for our money. It is a sort of glorified money-lender and deals in bills of sale, post-obits, and suchlike things.

NOTE.—In consequence of going to press early, correspondents whose letters would have been answered in the ordinary way must kindly excuse us if they have to wait until our next issue.

At a Court of Directors of the Royal Exchange Assurance Company, held on Dec. 16, it was resolved to declare, on account of the next accruing dividend, an interim dividend of 4 per cent., free of income-tax, payable on Jan. 6 next.

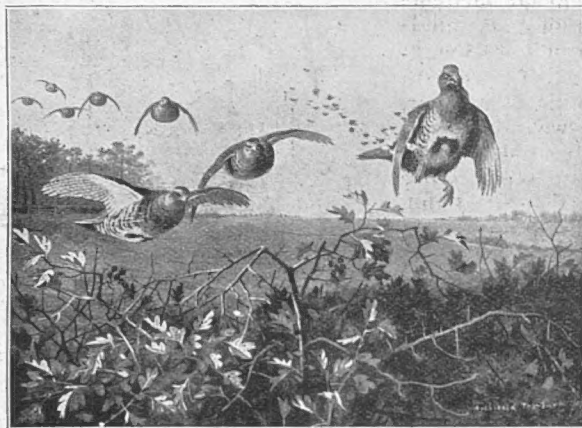
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